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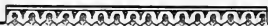


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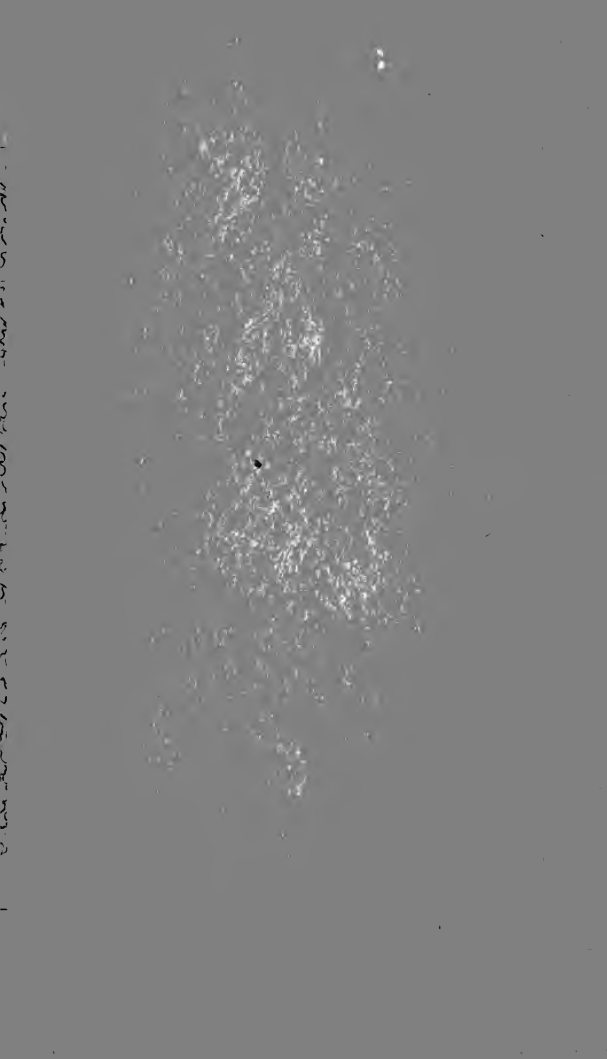
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THE  
STATE TRIUMVIRATE,

A Political Tale:

AND

THE EPISTLES

OF

BREVET MAJOR PINDAR PUFF.

*Verplanck, Gubins Chronicle, 1784*

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Architophel each rank, degree, and age,  
For various ends, neglects not to engage;  
The wise and rich, for fame and counsel brought,  
The fools and beggars, for their numbers sought,  
With parasites, and libel-spawning imps,  
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.

DRYDEN.

---

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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J. Seymour, printer,  
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*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

**B**E IT REMEMBERED, That on the tenth day of December, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JONATHAN SEYMOUR, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—  
“The State Triumvirate, a Political Tale: and the Epistles of  
“Brevet Major Pindar Putt.”

“Architophel each rank, degree, and age,  
“For various ends, neglects not to engage;  
“The wise and rich for fame and counsel brought,  
“The fools and beggars for their numbers sought,  
“With parasites, and libel-spawning imps,  
“Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.

“DRYDEN.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled “an Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

GILBERT LIVINGSTON THOMPSON,  
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.



# PROLEGOMENA,

BY SCRIBLERUS BUSBY, L. L. D.

*Societat. Piff. Paff. Puff. Clint. Soc. Honor. A. B. C.  
D. E. F. G. H. I., &c. &c. &c.*

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GENTLE AND RIGHT LEARNED READER,

BEHOLD I present unto thee a complete and not inelegant edition of all the *opera minora* of the *Poetæ Bucktailici*, being the works of the Bucktail Bards, collected by mine own labours, and sedulously corrected by my care, so that the text thereof now appeareth purged from all those errors which the *oscitancy* of prior editors had suffered to creep in; and the rust of *errata* being scoured off, it now shineth in its pristine brightness.

With respect unto the merit of these classical productions, it is not needful to speak at large. Even from their first appearance, did the whole republic of letters join in hailing them as the genuine offspring of Apollo, by the nymph *Tanmania*—the waters of the Pierian fount, and those of the great spring, being clearly perceived to flow in mixed streams throughout every page.

The first poem, now called "THE STATE TRIUMVIRATE," was originally published separately, under the title of DICK SHIFT; and bearing that appellation hath been read and admired in all parts of the civilized world, and translated into no less than seventy-one languages,—that is to say—counting each distinct dialect as a different tongue; for in fact, the original and parent languages into which it hath been rendered, are but thirty-four.

Like unto the great "Philosophical Discourse" of the great Clinton, it hath been equally read in Austria, Australia, Russia, Prussia, Moldavia, China, Macedonia, and Paphlagonia; at Malabar, Temple-bar, and Madagascar—in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Switzerland, Lapland, Finland, Courland, Greenland, and Van Diemen's land—yea, also, in Paraguay, Bombay, and Botany Bay. Every where, have our great philosopher and our great poet walked hand in hand, yea, arm in arm, so that in the Peru edition of these two admirable and admired productions, they are both printed together in one volume, thereby furnishing a complete manual of American literature.

The manner in which the tale or *epos* of Dick Shift hath been extolled by all the American and English literati is so well known, that it is needless to fill these pages with the praises lavished thereon, by the Port Folio, the North American Review, the Analectic Magazine, the Medical Repository, the Law Journal, and the City-hall Recorder. Nei-



ther is it necessary to speak of the high panegyrics of the Quarterly Review, of the British Review, of the British Critic, the Eclectic Review, and the Sportsman's Magazine, nor of the still more flattering eulogium of Mr. Bristed, in the last edition of his "Resources," and of Professor Hosack, in his *Eloge Funebre du Docteur Henry*.

Nevertheless, I should be utterly unworthy of the two great names which I bear, and of the high office of an editor of my country's classics, did I altogether neglect to append hereunto certain *Testimonia doctorum Virorum*, or opinions of the great scholars of Europe, touching the merit of the first of these works, unto which I now stand *loco parentis*, that is to say, a god-father.

And first—In the review of DICK SHIFT, in the Edinburgh Review, the critic (who I learn from the undoubted authority of my esteemed friend Carolus Wilkins, Tabernæ Argentariæ Nov. Eb. Thesaurar. is no other than Mr. Jeffery himself) thus commenceth :

‘ This is an extremely clever and amusing poem—  
 ‘ a little wicked, perhaps—not at all sentimental—  
 ‘ certainly not of the Lake school—but full of power,  
 ‘ and gayety, vigour, and wit. It is exactly like  
 ‘ nothing we have had before—and even if we did  
 ‘ not know its transatlantic origin, it would be quite  
 ‘ clear that it comes neither from Scott, nor Camp-  
 ‘ bell, nor Byron. The nearest approach that our  
 ‘ poetry has hitherto made to this kind of composi-

‘tion is in the lighter pieces of Prior. Yet Dick  
 ‘Shift is not absolutely of his school—but somewhere  
 ‘half way between it and the sterner and coarser in-  
 ‘vective of Swift. Its lively tone of raillery—its vi-  
 ‘vid and picturesque narrative, often broken up into  
 ‘animated dialogue, sometimes interrupted by easy  
 ‘chattering, and then again flowing on in vigorous  
 ‘and polished verse—remind us forcibly of Prior.  
 ‘Its bold sarcasm—its hardy coarseness—its pungent  
 ‘irony, are of Swift’s taste. Its general characteris-  
 ‘tics are great force and boldness—intense earnest-  
 ‘ness of indignation, mixed with little flying traits of  
 ‘ludicrous description, and a very philosophical and  
 ‘republican contempt for those great men, who  
 ‘like, &c. &c.’

Mr. Jeffery then rambleth into a disquisition on the causes why kings and prime ministers, who do not happen to be of the Fox party, are always blackguards; after which he giveth a history of the English satirical poetry, toucheth on the characters of Dr. Donne, Butler, Dryden, De Foe, Swift, Pope, Churchill, Cowper, &c. &c. Finally, the critic maketh a copious analysis of Dick Shift, detecteth six *Americanisms*, which, though they have Shakspeare’s authority for their use, are not received in good society at Edinburgh; and concludeth a review of twenty-two pages in this wise:

‘Thus we think it quite evident, that in spite of  
 ‘the narrow restraints of our commercial policy, po-  
 ‘etry, the finest of all manufactures, is now likely to

‘be produced on the other side the Atlantic, both of  
 ‘a better quality and at a cheaper rate than it can be  
 ‘made in our own island—and Coleridge, Words-  
 ‘worth, and the loyal and consistent author of *Wat*  
 ‘*Tyler*, are in danger of being undersold in their own  
 ‘home market.’

But, gentle and patriotic reader, this praise is faint indeed, compared with the splendid panegyric of the eloquent Phillips, the Demosthenes of Ireland, and the chosen model of so many of our American youth. In his address to the electors of Drimdrumadree, Mr. Phillips quoteth a passage from *Dick Shift*, and laudeth the poet in these words :

‘Oh divine, oh delicious sally of satire! Cor-  
 ‘ruption had erected her court on the heights of the  
 ‘Hudson, in the avenues of Albany, in the lobby of  
 ‘the legislature—in face a fury, in deed a demon, her  
 ‘influence was infernal, and her power was para-  
 ‘mount. She seemed about to rear on the ruins of  
 ‘the republic, and the nothingness of the nation, a  
 ‘pyramid of pride, beneath whose shade magnani-  
 ‘mity might moulder, and wisdom would wither  
 ‘away. She assailed the virtuous with the venom  
 ‘of venal turpitude; she allured the wisdom of the  
 ‘wicked by the wiles of wealth. Her throne was  
 ‘the lobby—the ermine was her cloke—banks were  
 ‘her playthings—bribes were her sugar-plums. Oft  
 ‘did she draw the dagger of detraction, and oft did  
 ‘she unveen the life-blood of confiding conscience  
 ‘and paralyzed patriotism. Oh, what an hour was

' that for the gigantic energies of genuine genius !  
 ' The great *Unknown*, the mysterious and mighty  
 ' author of *Dick Shift*, then walked forth in the  
 ' cloud, and the mist, and the majesty of conceal-  
 ' ment—armed with the pride, and the power, and  
 ' the punishment of purest patriotism. Corruption  
 ' fled from his face, and fell cowering, and crushed,  
 ' and crumbling on the altars of her own Mam-  
 ' mon-like idolatry. The high flame of poetry,  
 ' like a beacon blaze on a rock, warned the world  
 ' to beware. Who first fanned that flame? Who  
 ' flashed the torch of truth into the dark, dreary,  
 ' and desolate den of Detraction? The matchless  
 ' author of *Dick Shift*! Sublime songster! super-  
 ' lative satirist! Thy fame is for ever—thy satire is  
 ' a scourge, thy mirth is merit, and thy rhyme is  
 ' reason. When hereafter the green grass shall grow  
 ' on thy grave, many an eagle eye shall embalm thy  
 ' memory with its dew—many a merry maid shall  
 ' mourn—many a lovely lip shall lisp—many a che-  
 ' rub child shall chaunt—many a sacred song shall  
 ' sound—many a holy hand shall hold thy, &c. &c.'  
 —*Counsellor O'Regan's edition of Phillips's Political Speeches*, p. 94.

Let us now proceed to select some small sam-  
 ples from the mass of tribute, which this great ge-  
 nius hath received from the continent of Europe.

And first in the French\* tongue—

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\* French is the language now spoken in that country,  
 anciently called Gallia. Gallia est omnis divisa in  
 partes tres. *Cesar. Comm.* Lib. I. p. 94, Edit. Ouden-  
 dorp.

In that exquisite epic, the *Colombiade*, of my worthy friend and correspondent M. Proneur de Fanfar, (which, as the world well knoweth, is entirely dedicated to the honour of the worthies of America,) the whole of the nineteenth book is devoted to the praise of our illustrious Clinton. The poet beautifully showeth the history of his hero's political labours, through the mystic veil of allegory, representing him as contending against the savage tribes of Bucktails, ("les Bucktails feroces,") headed by the arch magician Tammany, or (as the poet frequently calleth him, for the sake of the verse) **TAMMANUS**.

The book closeth with a superb description of a single combat between the hero and the magician chief, who assumeth the form of a white-brown, or grizzly bear, with a long fishes tail. The poet describeth him in lines, worthy of Racine, as being,

"Indomptable Ours blanc, poisson impetueux,  
Sa croupe se racourbe en replis tortueux."

The magician is finally vanquished—he escapeth, however, leaving his tail in the victor's possession. Before he vanisheth he addresseth his conqueror in a prophetic strain, relating to him his future glories, and ending with these words, "Je vois," says the tailless head of the Bucktails :

Même, dans Tammany-hall les, Bucktails abbatus  
Se plaie sous ton joug, et chanter tes vertus,

Mais quel heureux auteur, dans une autre *Enéide*  
 Peindra la haute gloire, de ce nouvel Alcide ?  
 C'est l'auteur de DIK SHIF, Virgile du monde nouveau  
 Jamais nul écrivain n'eut un génie si beau !  
 C'est à lui, grand DEVITT, si vous daigniez m'en  
                     croire  
 Que Phébus a commis, tout le soin de ta gloire.  
 Oui — malgré la haine de Tammanus irrité  
 Il conduira CLINTON à l'immortalité.

I might here also insert the profound criticism on "Richard Chemise," contained in the twelfth number of the *Journal de Galimatias*, and generally attributed, in Paris\*, to the pen of M. Le Marquis de Chateaubriand; but I forbear to encroach on the space allotted by my printer to these Prolegomena.

Throughout all Germany the learned vie with each other in praise of this work, as well as of Dr. Clinton's "Philosophical Discourse:" indeed my excellent and learned friend, Professor Everitt, of Boston, informeth me, that during the last course which he attended at the university of Gottingen, Dick Shift was actually used as a text-book by Dr. Blunderspach, in his lectures on criticism and poetry. Professor Blunderspach hath recently put forth an edition of Heyne's Virgil, in seventeen volumes, thick octavo, containing a regular commentary ("perpetua adnotatione,") upon Heyne's

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\* A city on the Seine, formerly called Lutetia, now the capitol du royaume de France.



own commentary, in the course of which he styleth our author, "Poetam illum Americanum, dulcem, lepidum, facetum, acrem, qui in suo RICARDO SHIFTO, seria cum jocis eleganter miscuit, et Swiftii stylum, ingeniumque, imitando superavit."

The immortal Eichorn goes yet farther: in his lectures on the satirical poetry of the Saducees, he introduceth a critical analysis of Dick Shift, and roundly calleth the author "Poetarum hujusce seculi facile principem."

But why should I fill these pages with the testimonies of the learned to this wonderful work, when they may all be summed up in the single opinion of that gigantic Grecian, Dr. Parr. Immediately upon the receipt of a copy of Dick Shift, (which I sent him by the diplomatic hands of my worthy friend Mr. Rush,) after reading it with the utmost delight, he gave vent to his feelings in the following Attic epigram:

Τῷ θεῷ αὐτορ τοῦ Δικ Σχιφτ.

Ω τοῦ γρεατ πωητ, ἔατ δωστ τελλ θε ταιλ  
 ΟΦ Σλιβοστς Ριχαρδ, 'αιλ, 'αιλ, ἔρισε 'αιλ.  
 Γηνιυς υ' αφε, ανδ φρομ υρ βοσκ Ι νω ιτ,  
 Ω, υρε α κλευερ δογ, ανδ φυνιε πωετ.

With regard to the poems appended unto the tale of Dick Shift, and bearing the name of Major Puff as the author, I regret to say, that they have

been so short a time in the world, that I have not yet been able to gather any information as to the manner in which they were received by the literati of Europe ;—at home they have met with universal approbation.

Mr. Walsh, in the last edition of his "Appeal from the Judgment of Great Britain," saith, "The poetical and political epistles of Pindar Puff, compel me to chant a palinody of my ancient prejudices, and to confess that I have heretofore vilipended the poetical talent of our country with too harsh an exacerbation of critical asperity."

Dr. Clinton, Pres. L. P. S. N. Y. &c. (ὁ πᾶν) in his eloquent, learned, and profound address to the society for the cultivation of conchology and Tuscarora literature—speaking of this work of his youthful friend and protégé, Major Puff, declareth\*, "That

\* His Excellency is a little given to repeating himself. We have had most of this before, in his *Opus Magnum*,—opus vere aureum—the Philosophical Discourse. The first compliment not a little resembleth that which he paid to certain societies, which he declareth "needed nothing but more encouragement from the public, and more attention from the members to become useful." The "vernacular literature," "nusus of the human mind," "polemic controversies," "Cimmerian gloom," and "intellectual illumination," are also to be found in profuse abundance in the same work ; wherein poor Butler, Junius, and Lord Coke, are also denounced. The *Cestus*

‘it wants nothing but more melody in the versification, more poetry in the thought, and more elegance in the expression, to become ornamental to our vernacular literature; and to show by what a nisus of the human mind, intellectual illumination may be made to irradiate the Cimmerian gloom into which the writings of Junius, Lord Coke, and the author of *Hudibras* have plunged the world.’ Though his touch, like that of Midas, turns trifles into gold, yet the great qualities of Pindar Puffare attended with a due sense of his limited powers. He does not see in himself the tortoise of the In-

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of Venus, the bow of Ulysses, and shield of Minerva, are constant ornaments of his Excellency’s style, he being deeply read in Tooke’s *Pantheon*, and King’s *History of the Heathen Gods*. The concluding paragraph remindeth me of two passages which I have always especially admired. “The Pierian Spring, and the Parnassian Mount are not to be expected in the den of Cacus!” and, again, “every writer who enters the political lists,” (saith his Excellency, doubtless modestly alluding to his own political writings,) “endeavours to bend the bow of Ulysses, and in striving to make up in venom what he wants in vigour, mistakes scurrility for satire, ribaldry for wit, and confounds the matron of Egypt with the salt of Attica.” *Clinton’s Literary and Philosophical Discourse*. The two preceding sentences, about Midas and the tortoise, are almost *verbatim* from the Doctor’s Discourse before the Academy of Fine Arts.

dian, or the Atlas of the heathen mythology supporting the world!!! Puff,' addeth the orator, 'rose in the poetical like a sky-rocket in the natural world; but his muse engages in no polemic controversies. She wears the cestus of Venus, she bears the shield of Minerva, and the bow of Ulysses; she does not expect to find Mount Parnassus in a cellar, nor the Pierian spring in a garret, neither has she ever been known to mistake sal ammoniac for table salt.'

Sufficient, surely, are these praises for my beloved Pindar—it becometh not me to sound his praises—he is my favourite pupil—mine nephew by blood—mine own son by adoption—*Macte virtute*.

The notes appended unto the several poems are evidently *Variorum*, sometimes from the pens of the authors, and often from those of divers learned commentators.

With respect unto the anonymous and mysterious author of Dick Shift, or, as it is now termed, The State Triumvirate, I have most diligently laboured to inquire, if so be that I might be enabled to reveal unto the public this Eleusinian mystery. My labour was in vain until I learnt, from a philosophical essay in that profound literary Journal, the *Columbian*, generally thought to be penned by Dr. Clinton himself, that the author was no other than a Mr. Cassius, an Attorney at Law, who liveth in a village, and hath a cream-coloured visage\*."

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\* I at first imagined that by the epithet "cream-

Great as is the fame which this bard hath earned, full certain am I that it will soon be eclipsed by the rising fame of my Pindar. He hideth not his face, as Mr. Cassius doth, but showeth it alway at the elbow of his patron for the time being. He is not hungry and lean, as the Columbian newspaper doth aver that Cassius is, but dineth with the rich and

---

faced," his Excellency intended simply to express the singular beauty and fairness of Mr. Cassius's visage—for, lo! I actually believed "cream-faced," as used by Shakspeare and Dr. Clinton, to signify no other than "*lacteus*," in Latin; thus, "*lactea colla auro innectuntur*;" and, again, the divine Maro, speaking of that fair lad, Ascanius, saith, "*Fusos cervix, cui lactea, crines accepit*;" but upon consulting Ainsworth's Dictionary, Edit. Mathew Carey, and carefully collating it with a copy of the Edit. Van Winkle and Wiley, and T. and J. Swords, I find "cream-faced" to mean nothing more than "*oris pallidi vel luridi*," so that the phrase was doubtless imitated by Messrs. Shakspeare and Clinton, from the "*toto expaluit ore*" of the Roman bard.

This *pallor*, it should be kept in mind, is described by all the ancient poets, as the constant effect or concomitant of hunger, as

———— *Pallida semper*  
*Ora fame*————

VIRGIL. EDIT. HEYNE.

Homer, in the *Odyssey*, (Lib. XII.) describeth the same effect, as produced in the companions of Ulysses,

great, and eateth corporation dinners in full uniform. He breakfasteth with one philosopher, and taketh tea with another, and swalloweth pickled oysters at parties, telling young damsels the scientific name thereof. Moreover, he striveth not to be original, as Cassius doth; but when he spieth a good thought, like his master, he stealeth it, and putteth it into his own mellifluous composition.

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partly, indeed, by fear, but also in part by hunger, for though he first saith,

—— Τῆς δὲ χλωρὸν δέος ἦρει,

“they were all pale with fear;” yet a little after he expressly addeth,

—— εἰτερε δὲ γαστέρα λιμός,

“*vexabat vero ventrem fames.*”

I design this brief note, gentle, and most erudite reader, as a foretaste, or earnest, or pledge, (ἀρραβὼνα τινα,) as the great Gregory Nazianzen saith. Edit. Montfaucon. vol. 13. p. 1094.) of an *Excursus*, or *Disquisitio*, on the various colours of the human “face divine,” which said *Excursus* I intend to prepare for my edition of the New-York Political Classics, for the purpose of elucidating a very obscure passage in that beautiful fragment “The Coalition,” (generally ascribed to our learned Chief Justice,) beginning thus: “The rubric of his face shows the nature of his idolatry, and the deity he worships,” &c.

As it is recorded of Plato, that when he was yet in his cradle, the bees anointed his lips with honey\*—even so was I wont to fill the mouth of the little Pindar with sngar-house molasses; and sweet now are the words of his mouth.

Vain will be hereafter all attempts to rival, yea, to imitate him. As the divine Horace saith—

Pindarum quisque studet æmulari, I,  
 ule, ceratis, ope Dædaleâ  
 Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus  
 Nomina Ponto.

Monte decurrens, velut amnis, imbres  
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,  
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo  
 Pindarus ore.

That is to say, being translated into vernacular verse,

Who strives on paper-wings to fly,  
 Can never mount up half so high  
 As that sweet bard, bright Pindar Puff,  
 Whose verse is smooth, whose satire rough.  
 If Coleman smiles, some light balloon  
 May mount twelve yards towards the moon;

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\* Dioscorides *Ἱερί μᾶλιστος*.—Lib. xi. p. 1091. Edit. Schuvghhauser.

But soon will fall each rhyming fool,  
 And flounder in oblivion's pool,  
 While Pindar, like the Hudson flows,  
 Swell'd by the melting of the snows,  
 And sweeps in his impetuous song  
 Great Clinton and his works along.

Vale, Lector benevole.

Ex museo meo, vico Maiden-Lane,  
 Prid. Kal. Nov.

צִשׁוֹנָא תְּקַפָּהּ מִלְעָא אִי יִרְאֵל:



# EXCURSUS

CONCERNING THE

Ελαφοκεῖτοι, or BUCKTAILS,

*Mentioned by Pindar Puff, and other modern poets, and alluded to in the foregoing PROLEGOMENA.*

BY SCRIBLERUS BUSBY, L.L.D.



THIS word is not to be found in any modern lexicon or dictionary, in its compound form, although its primitives are of constant use and recurrence. It hath two meanings; the more usual one, being its analogical, metaphysical, and figurative, (or, as it hath yet better been styled by grammarians,) transitive and secondary sense. In this vulgar and vernacular acceptation, I assert (*meo periculo*) it is always used by the poets; and signifieth, that set of barbarous, savage, and as it were semi-bes-  
tial men, who wickedly place themselves in array against the “sublime, grand, bold, magnificent, and comprehensive policy of Governor Clinton’s state administration.” (These, reader, are the *verba solennia* always to be used in speaking of our great philosopher’s political labours. See the writings of Hainesius, [ὁ πλνυ,] Pellius, Millerus, Vanwyekius Mumfordus, Spoonerus, Carterus, et Bogardus.)

But BUCKTAIL hath also, of necessity, another and primitive signification, in a purely physical sense—being the *ουρα*, or, as Aristotle more commonly calleth it, (*Hist. Animal. edit. Bipont.*) *κερκισ*, or, according to Linneus, in his *Systema Naturæ*, the *Cauda*, or as Buffon more generally termeth it, *la Queue*, or, to speak in the way of logical definition, “that part of the quadruped or other animal, which is at the end of the spine, being evidently an elongation of the vertebræ; ordinarily, though not universally, covered with hair;” “*cauda pilosa.*” *Plin. Hist. Nat. edit. Grouov. et Varior.* I say, the *ουρα*, *κερκισ*, *cauda*, *queue*, or TAIL of that animal which is described by Linneus as “*Cervus, cornibus Ramosis, teretibus, incurvatis,—cauda brevi.*” (*Syst. Nat. edit. Gmelin.*) This animal hath been known in all ages and countries :

Among the Greeks it bore the name or appellation of *ελαφος*, as in Homer. *Odyss. x. 158* :

Ὅς ῥα μοι υψικερῶν Ελαφὸν μέγαν εἰς ὁδὸν αὐτὴν  
ἦκεν —————

As down the hill I solitary go,  
Some power divine that pities human wo,  
Sent a tall buck—————

Among the Romans it was called, *Cervus*,  
By the Italians it is named - *Cervo*,

In Spanish,	-	-	-	<i>Cierva,</i>
In Portuguese,	-	-	-	<i>Cervo,</i>
	or more frequently,			<i>Veado,</i>
In German,	-	-	-	<i>Hirseh,</i>
In Danish,	-	-	-	<i>Hior,</i>
In Swedish,	-	-	-	<i>Kron-hior,</i>
In Dutch,	-	-	-	<i>Hert,</i>
In Polish, (a dialect of the ancient Samaritan,) <i>Iellenjellii.</i>				

It is also known in Welsh by the name of *Carrw*, in Arabic, and also in Hebrew, by that of לָרֶמֶס (my printer hath neither Arabic, nor Chaldee, nor Persian types—Oh barbarous ignorance of our land! may not I say with the divine Nasou-Scribler, *barbara terra sua est*\*!) by an easy deflexion it becometh in Syriac and Chaldee *Aiala*. In Persian it is *Gerazen*, and in the Tuscarora, *mamwawawmils-rowdimawhikessemaw*. The natural and etymological history of the term bucktail (in Greek *Ελαφεοκερκος*) being thus settled, I proceed to set forth the reason of its being applied to certain persons of the human species, ("The *Homo sapiens* of Linne-

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\* My learned friend, Mr. Bristed, appears to have been in the same unpleasant difficulty with his printer about the longs and shorts, which he had occasion to use in his Essay on Latin Prosody, introduced into his late work on the Resources and Statistics of the United States.

us, such as we are.”—Prof. *Mitchill's Lectures on Nat. Hist.*) For this, we must go back to the antiquity of Old England. *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* Virgil. The learned Johan Bale, that great English antiquarian, thus speaketh: “Johan Gassgrave and Alexander Esseby sayth, that for casting of fishes tails at St. Augustine, Dorsettmen had tayles ever after. But Polydorus applieth it unto Kentishmen, for cutting off Thomas Beckett's horses taylor” and Polydore Virgil expressly saith of the men who cut off the tail of Thomas A. Becket's bay mare, that they and their progeny became Bucktails. “Postea, nutu Dei, omnes ex eo hominum genere, qui id facinus fecissent, nati erant instar brutorum animalium CAUDATI.” *Polyd. Virg. Urb. Angl. Hist. Pol.* 218.

Now, reader, do I affirm, *meo periculo*, that the same divine judgment hath visited the leaders or Sachems, of the wretches who oppugn the great and good Clinton; they have become *homines caudati*, Bucktails. Fortunately for them their tails are as yet short, and by the aid of the present fashion of Cossack pantaloons they are enabled to conceal them; but doubtless, should they persevere in their guilt, their tails will be gradually elongated, till they equal the tremendous size of that of the *cercopithecus*, or long-tailed ape\*; or of that yet more fear-

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\* The *Guenon* or *Singe a longue queue* of Buffon,

fully tailed monster, so sublimely described by Theocritus. (Idyll. 25. 242. Edit. Buck.)

Θηρ αμοτος, μακρην δε παρ' ἰγνυησιν ἔλιξε,  
ΚΕΡΚΟΝ, αφαρ δε μαχης εμνησατο-----

I am indebted to Professor Mitchill for the loan of the manuscript of his translations from the Greek pastoral poets, intended to be appended unto the next edition of his Piscatory Eclogues, in which he rendereth the above after this fashion.

The great big beast, his great big tail had roll'd  
Round his long legs, in many and many a fold;  
Angry he was, and wanted for to bite,  
For he was very strong, and full of fight.

This whole subject is more completely discussed and unfolded in my dissertation on the *Ελαφοκερταί*, or Bucktails, in the second volume of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, which will shortly issue from the classic press of Mr. Van Winkle.



## PREFACE

TO

## THE STATE TRIUMVIRATE.

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THE liberty of the press, as defined by General Hamilton with admirable precision, consists "in the right to publish the truth, with good motives and for justifiable ends, although reflecting on the government or on individuals." This definition is now received as law ; and this liberty, and no more, does the author conceive himself to have exercised in the following production. The hero and his adventures are of course, fictitious ; but it was of truth, and truth important to be known, that the fiction was intended to be the vehicle. If the character, manners, conduct, and motives of those who are introduced or noticed, be unfairly drawn, or unjustly described, then this publication is an unjustifiable libel ; but if the correctness of the delineation be generally acknowledged—if the resemblance is at once seen and felt by all who know the originals, and is even secretly confessed, (as the author himself believes it to be,) by the individuals themselves,

then it is a fair and well directed satire, and it is the power of truth alone that has given force and point to its shafts.

The motives of the author in making the publication were entirely of a public nature, not corrupted or debased even by the slightest tincture of private resentment. He has spoken from the impulse of a serious and earnest conviction, and he cannot but think that his own sincerity, at least in the sentiments which he has expressed, will hardly be denied even by those who condemn his opinions, or censure or lament his imprudence.

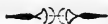
On the literary merits or claims of this poetical bagatelle, the author deems it unnecessary to make any remark: he frankly confesses, that in consenting originally to its publication, he thought solely of the political effects it was calculated to produce, well knowing that verses good or bad, on the subjects of which it treats, were likely to be read and remembered. The poem was hastily written, and committed to the press without revision or correction. The author may, however, be permitted to observe, that being given professedly as an imitation of Swift, it was of course intended as a specimen of familiar poetry, a species of composition which excludes that elevated and figurative diction, with those artifices of style by which poetry, as generally understood, is distinguished and ennobled. A rapid narration, pointed thoughts, colloquial ease



of language, brevity without obscurity, and ease without languor—such are the excellencies which are exhibited in the familiar poetry of Swift and Prior; and these the author may have failed to attain, but has at least endeavoured to imitate. Whether the poem, as now published, be much improved, it is not his province to determine; but the numerous additions and alterations that have been made, sufficiently evince his own perception of its former defects.



THE  
STATE TRIUMVIRATE.



TO G. C. V—, ESQ.

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.*

Juv. Sat. 1.

HOPES long renounced, the hopes of fame,  
Would you, mistaken friend, inflame ?  
Would you, by frequent praise, incite  
To ply that dang'rous trade, to write ?  
Nay, pause, reflect—Is this the part 5  
A friend should act, who knows my heart ?  
There through the breach by Flatt'ry made,  
—Self-love, corrupted, lends her aid—  
Wild wishes, led by Fancy, rush,  
And Caution's firmest bulwark crush. 10

Oh Prudence ! lend again thy shield,  
That Vanity has oft repell'd ;

Th' assault, renew'd, is still defied—

Do thou! thy usual guard provide.

\*Thee fav'ring—such the ancient creed— 15

No other aid divine, we need :

Oh, rescue from poetic fever,

And, Prudence ! thee, I worship ever !

How oft thy warning voice, in vain,

—When once that rage has fired the brain,— 20

Cries, “ Pause—go back—reflect—refrain !”

The madd'ning bard that voice defies,

Or rends, like Byron, all the ties,

That Faith or Reason form, to bind,

In salutary chains, the mind. 25

†That fever oft a calenture,

Like that which mariners endure,

Deceiv'd in all their hopes had plann'd—

Long toss'd by storms—still far from land—

While on the wide-spread deep, their eyes 30

Are fix'd—and thoughts of home arise—

\* ————— Nullum numen abest,

Si sit Prudentia.

Juv. Sat. 10.

† Not so the mariner, his blood inflam'd, &c.

COWPER TASK, B. 1.

A sudden vision breaks their gloom,  
 They see, they see, that much-lov'd home,  
 And bent to seek—with mad endeavour,  
 Plunge in the wave—and sink for ever! 35

Bright visions thus of wealth and praise  
 Attract and fix the Poet's gaze ;  
 In crowds they reach the press's brink,  
 The spell unbroke, they plunge and sink—  
 Sink in oblivion's waves, to rot, 40  
 Their fate, their very names, forgot!  
 If, faint and struggling, reach the shore  
 Some, whom their strength or fortune bore,  
 These, critics seize, and fix on high,  
 Hung in the chains of infamy. 45

But you, in words that take the ear—  
 You still persist, and still I hear,  
 “ These fears I do not feel, but feign,  
 “ Or grant I feel——such fears are vain !  
 “ Why should I doubt ? Can I believe 50  
 “ You would so dear a friend deceive ?  
 “ Your judgment do I fear to trust ?  
 “ In all you say you're strictly just :  
 “ To praise, you own, are most inclin'd,  
 “ Yet to my faults by no means blind. 55

" Those faults there are, and you confess,  
 " That spring from haste and carelessness ;  
 " But not by malice to be trac'd,  
 " To want of sense or want of taste."

Ah well. my friend, you know my heart, 60  
 —Though seeming candour veil your art—  
 There, ancient fires too well you know,  
 \*Still in deceitful ashes glow.  
 Sparks, ill-extinguish'd, quickly blaze,  
 Fann'd by the vivid breath of praise ; 65  
 When—thaw'd like snow—beneath the fire,  
 How soon all *modest* doubts expire !  
 Yet should your arts at last persuade,  
 What fav'ring god, what muse shall aid ?  
 I dread to ask, and ask in vain— 70  
 So Wrath shall pour—Truth guide, the strain,  
 And scorn of Vice, disdain of fools—  
 Of force beyond the critic's rules—  
 Shall point my shafts, direct their aim,  
 And vindicate a poet's claim. 75

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\* ——— Ignis suppositos  
 Cineri doloso.

And some who brave the public eye,  
 And all that honour dreads, defy ;  
 Who, mantling in their pride of place,  
 Nor censure heed, nor fear disgrace,  
 Condemn'd to bide its "tort'ring hour," 80  
 Shall feel at last, just Satire's power—  
 Restrain the smile—I mean, my friend,  
 Its power, to daunt, but not, amend :  
 Advice is lost, you own at once,  
 On the bold knave, or brazen dunce ; 85  
 Yet lash'd by Satire's ridicule,  
 The knave shall fear, shall blush the fool !  
 For those whom, free from vulgar ties,  
 Laws threat in vain, or Priests advise :  
 By fear, by conscience, ne'er reclaim'd, 90  
 \*By Ridicule are "touch'd and sham'd."

Thus when we seiz'd, resolv'd, the pen  
 †"To brand the front of guilty men,"

\* Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
 Yet touched and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

POPE.

† What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,  
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ;

And, in the light of truth, expose,  
 Not yours, nor mine—their country's foes : 95  
 Unmov'd, when reason, facts, assail,  
 They shrink, and writhing, hear this tale :

DICK SHIFT in vain, each art had tried—  
 Had flatter'd ?—yes, and brib'd, and lied—  
 For bent on gain, his servile mind, 100  
 No task as low or base, declin'd ;  
 In politics was *safe*, for still,  
 His own, obey'd, the people's will ;  
 To sudden gusts, if forced to bend,  
 He chang'd his course—but not his end,— 105  
 Int'rest—his port, had still in view,  
 Cunning, the only chart he knew.  
 Yet look on Dick—the muse is just,  
 There lives not, whom you'd sooner trust ;  
 His garb was plain—his mien severe— 110  
 Dislik'd a jest—abhorr'd a sneer—  
 Grave in discourse—in conscience nice,  
 Save where you knew and gave his price !

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Can there be wanting to defend her cause,  
 Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws

POPE.



“Corruption?” True, his forte, his trade,  
And yet no word, no look betray’d 115

His guilt; but acts of baseness name,  
He was the first to cry out, “Shame!”  
Though prudent, doubting still the fact,  
The vice he blam’d, was vice abstract;  
He held the maxim quite sublime, 120

\* To spare the sinner, lash the crime—  
What! gifted thus, and not prevail?  
’Twas strange, you think, that Dick should fail:  
’Twas strange, I own, but Fortune frown’d—  
He shifted, yet he gain’d no ground. 125

Despis’d and baffled, shunn’d and poor,  
A fate like his could few endure—  
Yet he bore up—he felt, indeed,  
His talents must at last succeed.  
† Shall heroes sink when ills oppose? 130  
O’er want, o’er scorn, those dreaded foes,  
His impudence, unconquer’d, rose!

Arrives at last the golden age—  
You interpose—“My friend, be sage,

\* “*Parcere personis, dicere de villis*,” which (Pope says) has been the favourite maxim of hypocrites in every age.

† *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*—VIRGIL.

“ You mean”—I do, of knaves and fools,      135  
 The golden age, for Clinton rules.  
 You’re grave—perhaps your fears are just ;  
 And—yet ’tis true, so out it must—  
 His smiles, while Ross and Gilbert share,  
 Why should our honest Dick despair ?      140  
 ’Twas now the “ era of good feeling,”  
 When rogues, their mutual crimes concealing,  
 And former feuds forgot, agree  
 In edifying harmony ;  
 \*And “ spirits black, blue, gray, and white,” 145  
 Mingling together, all unite,  
 And form a mix’d and motley band,  
 Of ev’ry sect, and ev’ry land ;  
 The Swiss—you seize to check the rein,  
 But cease, my friend : advice is vain !      150  
 The truth—you think me madly bold—  
 The time has come—it must be told :  
 The Swiss complete the strange array,  
 †The Swiss, whose only thought is pay ;

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\* Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle, ye that mingle, may.

WITCH SONG, MACBETH.

† Prompt or to guard, or stab, to saint, or damn,  
 Heaven’s Swiss that fight for any god or man.

POPE’S DUNCIAD. B. IV.

And that secur'd, "will saint or damn, 155  
 "And fight for any god or man ;"  
 One article sums up the creed,  
 Which, shouting, they must all proclaim,  
 That Clinton's merits all exceed,  
 Of ancient or of modern fame ; 160  
 That one so great, so learn'd, so wise,  
 \* Has never ris'n to mortal eyes,  
 Nor shall—nor ever *can* arise !!  
 Our hero's hopes these signs inflame,  
 'Twas *just the time* to urge his claim ; 165  
 For Dick, from idle scruples free,  
 Could Clinton make, his deity,  
 † And, pagan like, would altars raise,  
 And ratify, by oaths, his praise ;  
 So gathering all his pow'rs of face, 170  
 Dick was resolv'd, to ask a place.

\* Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

HOR. EPIST. ad AUGUST.

—————like whom to mortal eyes

None e'er has risen, nor shall e'er arise.

POPE.

† Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras.

HOR. EPIST. ad AUGUST.

*Friend.*—Your hero's suit to whom preferr'd ?

*Author.*—First by the Saint his pray'r is heard.

Worship, ye bigots, whilst we paint  
The features of your dreaded saint ; 175

Swift in resolve, impetuous, bold,

By public feeling ne'er controll'd ;

His face betrays a tyrant's heart,

And well he acts the tyrant's part :

What smiles, what praise, what favour grace 180

The weak, the selfish, and the base !

The base that flatter, weak that cower,

That seek his aid, or dread his power !

But ye, endow'd with heart or head,

—By threats ne'er aw'd, by arts ne'er led— 185

His frowns, his hate, his vengeance dread !

Haughty and proud, and passionate,

How swiftly change, his love and hate !

His chosen friend, his frequent guest,

This day, you're courted, prais'd, carest ; 190

The next—some fav'rite scheme oppose,

He ranks you, with his bitt'rest foes—

Enrag'd, his wrath in curses pours,

And more than e'er he lov'd, abhors !

F.—Dick trembled?

A.— No—but ready, bold, 195

By want inspir'd, his story told;

That long to Clinton's virtues blind,

—Sense, learning, wisdom, wit combin'd—

Blind to his plans for *public* good,

—Too oft for *private* understood— 200

Deceiv'd by Noah's constant railing,

—A Jew that well deserv'd impaling—

He in the bucktail faction mix'd

With all his principles unfix'd;

With brain disturb'd, and heated mind, 205

Had in its worst excesses join'd;

Had e'en—by dev'lish art seduc'd—

He paus'd—the Saint himself, traduc'd!

But now—and sighs his utterance broke—

His face grew longer as he spoke— 210

But now—in low and moving tone,

Might change and melt a heart of stone—

'Touch'd with remorse, and grief, he came

To own his guilt, to own his shame;

As penitents must all confess, 215

Before the list'ning priest will bless;

So he, to prove his sorrow true,  
 And gain the absolution due,  
 Would tell his Honour all he knew.

*F.*—This preface shows your hero's skill,           220  
 For Ambrose loves a traitor still ;  
 From Christian, or from fellow-feeling,  
 Joys more—when all his guilt revealing,  
 O'er one base wretch, who breaks his trust,  
 Than o'er a hundred of the just.                       225

*A.*—Proceeded Dick ; his mother wit  
 Suggesting just the lies were fit !  
 What schemes to hasten Clinton's ruin,  
 The fertile brain of Mat was brewing !  
 How Skinner had abused his honour !               230  
 What wicked jests had utter'd Bonnor !  
 What bets by Peter R. were laid !  
 What secrets Gardenier betray'd !  
 What fury at the Hall prevail'd !  
 How P-r-n foam'd, and Ed—ds rail'd !               235  
 And all who enter'd there as men,  
 Came *howling* from that savage den !!  
 The placid saint these topics rouse,  
 He rises—snuffs, and knits his brows ;

While deepens, darkens still—the gloom— 240  
 Crosses, with hurried steps, the room—  
 A moment stood—then strikes the wall,  
 And cries, in tones that *some* appal,  
 “Oh, d—n them, Sir! we’ll crush them all!”

Dick smil’d—and then pursued his blow, 245  
 Prais’d Armstrong, and revil’d Monroe,  
 Talk’d of Virginia’s cursed pride,  
 That Clinton’s merits still denied ;  
 Hinted a scheme to smooth the way,  
 —Adams remov’d, assenting Clay— 250  
 To future presidential sway !  
 ’Till Ambrose, conquer’d, seiz’d his hand,  
 “Your wishes speak—my voice command—”  
 And e’er those wishes, well express’d,  
 Granting, prevented Dick’s request. 255

But now a harder task remains,  
 No flatt’ers art, Fallacio gains ;  
 For subtle, cool, dissembling, he  
 At the first searching glance will see  
 Thro’ tricks, thro’ arts, he boasts his own, 260  
 In these “unrivall’d and alone ;”

Cunning like his at once suspects  
The *secret* view, and soon detects—

*F.*—Nay, stop, for here are all agreed—  
But how, explain, did Dick succeed ? 265

*A.*—Oh, doubt not him ! he knew his man,  
And judge, if well arrang'd his plan :  
Suppose him in Fallacio's room ;  
“ A letter, Sir, from Hogeboom ;  
“ From Kibbe this—and this from Post— 270  
“ The General's this—himself a host.”

*F.*—The Gen'ral ! why not give the name ?  
*A.*—That wily chief I mean whose fame  
Hard-earn'd, Chenango's fields attest,  
Where Casper came off second best ; 275  
Though some suspect “ that well-fought field,”  
The Gen'ral's love of war has quell'd—  
Sooner than face a second fire,  
Will now, on *what he's got*, retire.

The bow—the salutation past, 280  
One hasty glance suspicious cast—  
The letters ta'en, and broke the seal,  
What joy Fallacio's looks reveal !



'The scheme, the plot, how soon descry !  
 His rapid mind, and practis'd eye— 285  
 With caution (often used before)  
 He clos'd the windows, lock'd the door,  
 Each crevice stopp'd, each entrance fast,  
 All that ensued in *whispers* past :  
 Some scatt'ring words the muse has caught— 290  
 The wise must "piece them out by thought :"  
 "No bond this time—scheme well design'd—  
 "But not a bank—some better blind—  
 "Some name less odious must be found,  
 "Or soon the project runs aground.— 295  
 "Whatever blind, you please, invent—  
 "On the whole ?—Yes, sir—ten per cent.—  
 "Williams—his hands—not safe—ne'er do—  
 "All shall be paid in cash to you."  
 Enough, enough.—O that a mind, 300  
 Form'd to instruct or mend mankind,  
 By noblest arts to rule a state,  
 Or King's pure fame to emulate,  
 By use, by habit, long depriv'd,  
 To low intrigue should be enslav'd ! 305  
*F.*—You're mov'd—this high, this tragic strain,  
 Suits ill with Satire's sportive vein—

A.—Yet none the muse's grief prevent,  
 The bitter feeling must have vent :  
 The thought that He, whose pow'rs might claim  
 To rank with Kent his equal name, 311  
 And rais'd like his by learning's aid,  
 Like his, in proper sphere display'd,  
 Might rays of useful splendour cast—  
 —A light that should through ages last ;— 315  
 That *he*, forgot each nobler end,  
 Should be Corruption's surest friend—  
 Skill'd to deceive, to coax, to bribe,  
 Plot, manage, bargain, job, subscribe,—  
 Known chief of all the *lobby* tribe ! 320  
 And shall the muse her grief restrain ?  
 When heav'n's best gifts, bestow'd in vain—  
 Lost glories—snuk, dishonour'd name—  
 High hopes disgrac'd of lasting fame,  
 —The tears of grief, the tears of shame,— 325  
 A nation's tears, his country's claim !

Oh could I give my verse the power,  
 Read in some sad and lonely hour—  
 Felt in his secret, inmost heart,  
 When he, e'en he, disguise apart— 330  
 What folly this—an idle strain  
 That all deride—the hope is vain !!

*F.*—This flight, this burst of passion o'er,  
 A flight of one unus'd to soar,  
 A burst, so strangely out of place, 335  
 How shall your muse descend with grace ?  
 Or sink with art, in easy round ?  
 Or, close her wings, and drop to ground ?

*A.*—That grace, that art she seeks in vain,  
 So presto—" Dick's himself again" ! 340

*F.*—Successful ?

*A.*— Oh, in triumph bore  
 The billet sought : at Clinton's door  
 Arriv'd, in haste he rings the bell ;  
 Smiling and bowing, out comes Pell !!  
 \*Poor youth ! sore vex'd of late by vermin, 345  
 Vile puny foes to sense and learning,  
 That whether rats, or bugs, or flies,  
 Crawl o'er him, when they chrysalize !  
 And yet, though *pester'd* thus, in sooth  
 A simple, harmless, *modest* youth. 350

*F.*—And useful ?

*A.*— Hum—to fetch and carry.

*F.*—A servant ?

*A.*— No ; a secretary :  
 Nay, more, though most who see forget,  
 (Don't laugh,) a colonel—by brevet.

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\* See Note.

Dick's usher'd in, and humbly bows, 355  
 While Clinton hardly bends his brows,  
 Still sitting, with a lordly air,  
 Turns his stiff head, and points a chair.  
 Yet pardon we these seeming airs :  
 This learned chief, whose anxious cares, 360  
 True statesman like, the future reach,  
 Was studying now his next year's speech !  
 And many a paper spread before,  
 With lines half blotted, scribbled o'er,  
 And many a book with pages doubled, 365  
 Show'd how his lab'ring mind was troubled ;  
 Here Johnson lies—here both Reviews—  
 (Which those deep scholars much peruse,  
 Who, free from cumbrous classic load,  
 To learning seek the shortest road.) 370  
 As authors, when their brains are bound,  
 Will poach, at last, on their own ground,  
 Here, as his sure and last resource,  
 Lies the much prais'd, most learn'd “ Discourse,”  
 Which Hosack swears, and Dr. Francis, 375  
 Our country's fame so high advances !  
*F.*—You touch a theme, I claim my own,  
 Through me, the secret first was known.

That fam'd discourse, of patches fram'd  
From authors—

A.— Quoted ?

F.— No, not nam'd, 380

The stolen thoughts, the skill that suits,  
The art, that “ pilfer'd tropes transmutes ;”  
The passage chang'd, to nonsense leaning,  
Retains the words, and drops the meaning ;  
The flow'rs he seiz'd from Johnson—

A.— Well ? 385

F.—He caught the stalk, the blossoms fell !

\* Yet, worst of all, that schoolboy trick—

I stop your tale—

A.— You do—be quick.

F.—I'll find a fitter time ; proceed—

Bring forward Dick again.

A.— Agreed. 390

While Clinton sat thus high and grave,  
Dick, somewhat aw'd, in silence gave  
His letters : then the *chilling* gloom  
To break, look'd round to view the room.

\* The prose quotation from Davidson's Virgil.—See note to second epistle of Pindar Puff.

In heaps, confus'd, here papers lie— 395  
 Some caught and fix'd our hero's eye ;  
 And first, and drawn, 'tis said, by Haines,  
 If not with truth, at least, with pains,  
 If little grace, no lack of strength,  
 The great man's character, full length ! 400

*F.*—Daub on, ye hirelings ! 'tis your trade,  
 Be all your venal art display'd !  
 Truth soon shall pour a steady ray,  
 And all your colours fade away !

*A.*—Retouch'd and interlin'd, was here 405  
 A *Martling Man* ; 'twas sent by Pierre ;  
 Hoping his “ Magnus ” would be willing  
 To help the wit, and *mend the spelling*.  
 Here scraps from Hosack—here we view  
 A dunning letter from the Jew ; 410  
 Here from Silvanus many a note,  
 (Despatch'd by ev'ry mail or boat,)  
 Fill'd with small lies, and fulsome praise,  
 —The food this jackall still purveys—  
*F.*—'Tis plain you knew Silvanus' failing, 415  
 Though once, I thought the charge was railing,

The stigma justly brands his name,  
The lie is fix'd, and fix'd the shame.

*A.*—Here rose a huge and learned pyre—  
'Twas heaps of Mitchill, quire on quire— 420

Letters, essays, reports, reviews,  
(I'd sooner praise them, than peruse,)  
A strange, confus'd, chaotic mass—  
Dreams, that with some as systems pass,  
Though fancies wild, and crude, and vain, 425

As e'er perplex'd a wilder'd brain,  
And trivial truths, by none denied,  
And learning, oddly misapplied,  
And awkward praise, abortive wit,  
Distinctions, that an atom split— 430

All in pedantic style array'd,  
Fustian and sound, and vain parade,  
Quotations trite, conceits, pretence.

*Hiatus*, order, taste, and sense—  
*F.*—Audacious, stop ! deride the sage, 435

The light, the wonder of our age ;  
—Whom, though his prosings sometimes tire—

Clinton and Colden both admire ;

Admire—nay, more—

*A.*— What else ? proceed.

*F.*—'Tis said, I do not vouch, *they read.* 440

*A.*—They read, 'tis true, in quest of jokes—  
 —Such is the friendship of some folks—  
 Those jokes produc'd, the table's roar,  
 The sage, undoubting, cries encore ;  
 Nor heeding Miller's strange grimace, 445  
 Stares round with most *unconscious* face,  
 Where Dulness thron'd, in accents plain,  
 Cries, “ Learning, study, toil, are vain,  
 “ They ne'er can shake my native reign !”

*F.*—I warn you, cease ! your falcon muse 450  
 Too keenly, far, the game pursues ;  
 Learn to restrain her devious flight,  
 Your hero's left, and out of sight :

*A.*—Well, I return—digression o'er,  
 The letters Clinton reads—

*F.*— What more ? 455

*A.*—His wishes Dick has briefly told—  
 The answer pleas'd, though manner cold :  
 “ Your letters,” Clinton spoke, “ I've read—  
 “ They much extol your heart and head ;  
 “ My worthy friends, they both agree— 460  
 “ It shall be so—so let it be—”



Then bow'd austere, and rang the bell,  
 Enters—the rhyme will have it—Pell,  
 Smiling and bowing as before,  
 Leads out in style and holds the door ! 465

\* The pliant Council meet at last—  
 “ Oh had that meeting too been pass'd ! ”  
 (In boding tones of melancholy,  
 How many cry, who rue their folly !!)  
 Dick's virtues, merits, all display'd, 470  
 At once, their master's will obey'd—  
 —The honest suit, as wont, denied—  
 Our hero's claim is ratified ;  
 'Tis true, the sapient Ross, 'tis said,  
 Profess'd to doubt, and shook his head, 475  
 Swell'd, puff'd, and scowl'd, and swell'd again,  
 And then, burst forth in blund'ring strain,  
 “ What, me, dictation ! yield *my* will—”  
 Here Spencer look'd—and all was still.

Who but Dick Shift in favour now ? 480  
 E'en Clinton, when he smooths his brow,

\* It is conjectured by some, that this unfortunate meeting took place in June last.

And jokes, inspir'd by Hosack's cheer,  
 Makes him his butt, instead of Pierre ;  
 And Spencer swears, " whate'er they tell us,  
 I wish we'd more such *honest* fellows." 485

While the smooth Judge, whose lips at will  
 Liqueurs of flattery distil ;  
 Not of the true Parisian taste,  
 But with large draughts of " home-made" lac'd.

*F.*—'Tis time, I own, the tale should close— 490  
 Yet here I must—*will* interpose ;  
 The praise that nicer stomachs sickens,  
*His* appetite no longer quickens ;  
 All joy to hear the spell is broke,  
 And blame the muse that rashly spoke : 495  
 That censure would you now disdain ?  
 Or seek to give a needless pain ?

*A.*—So all I love, and love me, live !  
 Such pain I never meant to give ;  
 I mark'd, with dread, the tempter's art, 500  
 And freely spoke—and from the heart,  
 A heart, you know, from malice clear,  
 And erring oft, at least, sincere.

*F.*—Well, well, that judge so bland, so true,  
Your hero prais'd.—The tale pursue. 505

*A.*—Nay, to the very stars exalts,  
For Dick, believe him, had no faults.  
Then “What a glorious speech he made!”  
“I say what all who heard him said,  
“Some cry up Emmet—others, Wells,” 510  
Curling his lip, “*Shift both excels !*”

Here, if dull prose, should end the tale,—  
The prescient Muse shall lift the veil  
That hides the future, and before ye  
Place scenes, that close, and point the story. 515

The time ; next May—the place, suppose  
Where, when in town, his Saintship goes ;  
Bad news flow in—a sullen gloom  
O’erspreads each face that crowds the room,  
While sure forebodings fill the breast, 520  
In vain, they strive to hope the best ;  
Before them spread, returns are seen,  
Of votes from Ulster, Orange, Green,  
Numbers in each, before unknown,  
Of public feeling, mark the tone— 525  
Gilbert and Miller look, and grean.

But one, whose hopes not yet are fled,  
 Will know how other counties sped;  
 "Queens? Richmond?—gone!—nay, ask no  
     more!

"And Rockland?—worse than e'er before! 530

"Westchester?—all our hopes has cross'd!

"But Dutchess?—Dutchess too is lost!"

O-k-y had said it promis'd well,  
 But some are bought who cannot sell!

Now marks the muse in ev'ry face, 535

What varied lines the passions trace;

Some sink in sullen mute despair,

Some bite the lip, or rend the hair—

One raves aloud, or curses flings

On Rockland, Putnam, Orange, Kings; 540

Here one, with face of awful length,

Sighs, "Suffolk too, in all her strength!"

One wrings his hands—in hollow tone

Groans forth, "*He's* lost! and *we* undone!"

While thus despair and passion rule, 545

Some secret foe, or busy fool,

(If foe, I know not whence he came,)

Has blurted out our hero's name:

“ Name not the wretch !” his Honour cries,  
(Like lightning flash’d with rage his eyes,) 550  
“ The villain ! void of faith and conscience !  
“ Has—damn him, Sir !—has voted *Tompkins !! !*”



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**NOTES**

TO THE

**STATE TRIUMVIRATE.**

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## NOTES

TO THE

# STATE TRIUMVIRATE.

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Line 141.—“ *The era of good feeling.*”—So constantly called, in the Columbian, and the appointment of Messrs. Oakley and others given as the proof. The phrase is certainly a good one, and its meaning, I trust, will soon be generally understood.

Line 153.—“ *The Swiss complete the strange array.*”—The name of Swiss was applied by General Root, during the last session of the Legislature, to certain gentlemen in that body; of the propriety of the appellation no one at present seems to entertain a doubt, as “*point d'argent, point de Suisse.*” A very general desertion of the mercenaries during the ensuing campaign, from present appearances, may reasonably be expected; but *Messieurs ca n'ira pas.* We neither wish nor will receive your aid.

Line 202.—“ *A Jew that well deserv'd impaling.* ”—Did the Triumvirate possess that absolute power which their ambition and revenge now equally covet, what a glorious *auto de fé* should we soon have ! Some of us might possibly escape with a sentence of imprisonment for life in the dungeons of the new inquisition ! but, poor Noah, covered with a flame-coloured robe, would certainly be a conspicuous figure in the fatal procession ; nothing short of the faggot or stake, would appease that “ *odium fatale* ” which he has provoked !

Line 157.—“ *One article sums up the creed.* ”—Nothing can be more fulsome or more absurd than the adulation which the hireling presses are continually pouring on their master and employer. The representation in the text is not at all extravagant.

Line 229.—“ *The fertile brain of Mat was brewing.* ”—Martin Van Beuren, Esq. late Attorney General ; a gentleman whose superior abilities, and known political prudence, cause him to be regarded by the triumvirate as their most formidable foe. He is hated by them all in proportion to the dread that he inspires.

Line 231.—“*Had utter'd Bonnor.*”—We believe this gentleman's name is properly spelt *Bunner*, but we have given it as we have always heard it pronounced by the saint himself.

Line 233.—“*Secrets Gardenier betray'd.*”—It will not for a moment be supposed that we can intend any imputation on the honour of this gentleman; but the disclosure of the terms of the bargain made by Mr. Clinton, when it was agreed he should receive the Federal support for the Presidency, was imputed to Mr. Gardenier by the *Columbian* and other papers. These are the secrets alluded to.

Line 237.—“*Come howling from that savage den.*”—We will undertake to procure any number of affidavits from the tenants of *the marble house*, that all who enter Tammany-Hall, (politically I mean,) lose all the feelings, and almost the appearance of humanity! Yet this prejudice, it seems, is not confined to the slaves,

Who trembling occupy that house of state,  
The profits of each minute calculate,  
And strive by tricks and lies in vain t' avert their  
fate.

“Honourable high minded men,” really, and without flattery, so ; men knowing and detesting as we do the corruption of those who have combined to support the state administration ; feeling as we do the necessity of putting a period to Mr. Clinton’s power ; confessing without reserve their entire approbation of the measures of the general government, and acknowledging that there no longer exists the faintest shadow of difference between us and our former political opponents. Even such men, it seems, are restrained from pursuing the course which both principle and honour dictate, by the fear of undergoing some “strange and horrid transformation.” They will not enter Tammany-Hall ; it is indeed difficult to rescue the imagination from the influence of that terror which the *nursery tales* of our youth excited, yet can we not help believing, that those who frequent Tammany-Hall are men having the same passions, feelings, affections, and principles, as ourselves, and in their views and intentions certainly far more honest than many of those by whom we have suffered ourselves to be directed, and who still continue, it seems, to drink our wine and dine at our tables.

Line 243.—“*And cries in tones that some appal.*”—viz. Ignorant suitors—young attorneys. Those cannot fear the man who know him, and respect themselves, although they may be sometimes compelled to submit without reply to his *official* insolence ! “What a licence of abuse !” already I hear the timid, and the time-serving, exclaim, “Abuse !” Is it not strictly and literally true ? Is there a gentleman at the bar, who, on some occasion, has not felt himself insulted by the interruptions of impatience, or the sneers of arrogance ? Whom the lowering brow, and the angry, or supercilious tone, have not been employed to embarrass, intimidate, or silence ? Why should these things be submitted to in silence ? Or how is a reformation ever to be effected, if we do not openly speak what we all know and feel ? Is there any thing in the office of a Judge that exempts its possessor from an observance of the ordinary courtesies and decencies of life ? Can the bench expect the confidence or *respect* of the bar, if they fail to treat them with that attention and civility which is due to them as gentlemen, and as the members of an honourable profession ? Or, finally, in a republican government, are we to endure, with servile patience, the aristocratic

insolence and pride of men, “drest in a little brief authority,” and forgetting equally the source whence it is derived, and the purposes for which it ought to be exercised ?

Line 249.—“*Hinted a scheme to smooth the way.*”—That Mr. Clinton and his partizans have considered his elevation to the government of this state a mere stepping stone to the presidency, they hardly affect to disguise, and, in spite of their hypocritical profession of attachment and regard, their real hostility to Mr. Monroe and his administration, is constantly breaking forth ; but, alas ! neither Adams nor Crawford can be removed, nor will “they assent.” Could even these obstacles be overcome, there are others which, I am afraid, would be insuperable ; in vain may Miller protest, Fallacio intrigue, Adams—g calumniate, the saint bluster and denounce, Clinton talk of the canal, deliver addresses to literary or historical societies, and make interminable speeches to the legislature—they have neither the ability to deceive, nor means to corrupt, nor the power to intimidate ; and known and estimated as Mr. Clinton now is, not the electors of a single stat

in the union would give him their voluntary votes.

Line 269.—“*A letter, Sir, from Hogeboom.*” —Who that has been at Albany does not know “the secret, sullen, dark-browed chief,”—the honest limping Isaac—the smooth, whispering Post? The General is the famous General Thomas, of *Bank of America* memory. This great man some years past had the misfortune to be indicted, and tried at the Chenango Circuit, before his honour, Judge Van Ness, on the charge of an attempt to bribe Casper M. Rouse, a senator from that county. The General was by the jury acquitted; yet, notwithstanding the victory, it is supposed that neither he nor the Judge are particularly pleased with allusions to this subject; they seem to think it had better be entirely forgotten.

Line 274.—“*Hard-earn'd Chenango's fields attest.*”—Mr. Emmet (then Attorney General) conducted the prosecution, and exerted all his great abilities on the occasion, yet he has the candour to confess, that in summing up, the Judge *far surpassed him*.

Line 298.—“ *Williams—his hands—not safe—ne’er do.*”—Elisha Williams, of Hudson ; a man of eminent abilities, and of———But this gentleman deserves something more than a note, and he shall have it. I have a tale in my mind of which he would make a very pretty hero. It is founded on Gil Blas’s system of arithmetic ; who, (it is well known by novel readers,) when he divided his profits with his master, appropriated one share to himself, and made an equal division of the rest.

Line 303.—“ *Or King’s pure fame to emulate.*”—Rufus King, “ *Clarum et venerabile nomen,*” the favourite of Washington, the friend of Hamilton, the mighty orator, the enlightened statesman, the patriot pure and uncorrupt ! How delightful is it to recreate in the contemplation of such a character ! How delightful to feel that sympathetic warmth which a genuine admiration of genius and virtue is always sure to excite ! The manner in which this great statesman, during the late war, at a season of peculiar difficulty and alarm, came forward to his country’s aid, inspiring and animating those whose hearts beat with anxiety for its independence and honour, and discouraging and



silencing others, whose secret wishes made them so ready to talk the language of despair, and his decided opposition to the separating views (perhaps worse) of the Hartford conventionists, have given him a lasting title to the gratitude of his country.

Line 319.—“ *Plot, manage, bargain, job, subscribe.*”—Plot—to divide a county to suit the interested views of individuals. Manage—to deceive his friends and his party. Bargain—Bank of America. Job—steam-boat. Subscribe—for bank shares to be sold at a premium of from ten to twenty per cent., without the advance of a single instalment.

Line 320.—“ *Known chief of all the lobby tribe.*”—It is a fact that ought to be universally known, that there is a class of men, whose profession and trade it is, to attend at Albany during the sessions of the Legislature, with the view of soliciting or opposing the passing of bills, banks, insurance companies, &c. as their interests may dictate. They are generally known by the name of Lobby members. These men have been the principal agents in the scenes of corruption which for years past have disgrac-

ed this state, and the guilty authors of which must be *exposed and punished* before its character can be redeemed. I know not by what secret bond of sympathy it is, that these men are all of them, without a single exception, (Federalists or Republicans,) warm personal partizans of Governor Clinton. Is it the instinct of interest and self-preservation ?

Line 344.—“ *Smiling and bowing, out comes Pell.*”—A retainer of his excellency’s, but not in livery. His person is rather insignificant, which may account for the forgetfulness of his military title in those that see him.

It is not my fault that since the first edition of this poem Mr. Pell has published “ A Review of the Administration,” &c. When I allowed him “ brains quantum suff.” I meant for the performance of the honourable duties which I assigned to him ; I never dreamed of his becoming an author.

Line 345.—“ *Poor youth ! sore vex’d of late by vermin.*”—The following passage from Mr. Pell’s late work is necessary to explain the allusions in the text :

“ For some time past it has been the author’s

“lot, in common, &c. to be<sup>d</sup> pestered by a brood of  
 “vermin, which, under the benign influence of  
 “public prosperity, have recently chrysalized  
 “from torpid into active nothingness,” &c.  
 “If he has inadvertently yielded to the irrita-  
 “tion which the presence of such *puny* corrup-  
 “tion *crawling over him*,” &c.

A friend of mine was so affected by this lamentable representation of Mr. Pell's situation, that he felt it his duty to address a letter on the subject to Dr. Mitchill. I feel a great satisfaction in being permitted to lay before the public the following extract from the Doctor's reply :

“Sir,” (several pages of valuable and curious learning, relating to some hitherto non-descript species of fishes—a second discovery of the bones of a mammoth in Orange County—the fossil remains found under marl in New-Jersey—a full explanation of babyism—a dissertation on Rachel Baker's case—some remarks on the Doctor's edition of a late work of Cuvier—and a few extracts from the piscatory eclogues, are omitted, as not bearing immediately on the subject.) “But to answer the inquiries of your  
 “letter, under what disease do I suppose our  
 “friend Colonel Pell to be labouring ; what re-  
 “medy or remedies would I recommend or ad-

“vise? The situation of our friend, from his  
 “own representation, is certainly very singular  
 “and distressing; and yet so vague and inac-  
 “curate are the terms in which he has described  
 “his case, that I feel myself much embarrassed  
 “in giving the advice which you request. What  
 “is the species of vermin by which he is “pes-  
 “tered?” in what manner do they make their  
 “attack? and against what part or parts are  
 “those attacks directed? These are questions,  
 “the solution of which is a desideratum which,  
 “from mere conjecture, it would not be prudent  
 “to supply. Vermin (derived from the Latin  
 “*vermis*, but much more extensive in its mean-  
 “ing) is *nomen generalissimum*. In its usual  
 “acceptation it is confined to small, noxious  
 “animals, such as weasels, pole-cats, rats, &c.  
 “though I will not assert that it may not with  
 “propriety be extended to troublesome insects  
 “or bugs, such as fleas, &c. If the former  
 “kind of vermin be intended, what am I to  
 “understand by their chrysalization? I con-  
 “fess that I have never yet learned that the rat,  
 “for example, undergoes a transformation by  
 “this process; yet so inexhaustible are the  
 “wonders of nature, that should any one affirm  
 “that in southern Africa, in Ternate and Mada-

“gascar, the native rat of the country bursts  
 “forth from a monstrous Aurelia, transformed  
 “and expanded into that formidable and danger-  
 “ous bird or beast, (a point not yet settled,) the  
 “*Vespertilio Madagascarensis*, or Vampyres,  
 “vulgarly called the Madagascar bat, I should  
 “not venture to contradict the assertion. I ob-  
 “serve that the sagacious Mr. Noah (whom I  
 “love to honour, for he is a man whom I  
 “would not willingly offend) supposes the ver-  
 “min of whose attacks our friend the Colonel,  
 “(whether by brevet or not, is not material) so  
 “pathetically complains, to belong to the genus  
 “*Pediculosum*, (of which there are various spe-  
 “cies, affecting different parts of the human  
 “frame, the enumeration of which, as I study  
 “brevity, I omit.) On this supposition, Mr.  
 “Noah benevolently recommended the use of  
 “the *pecten cornuifactorum dentibus parvellis*, in  
 “our vernacular idiom, a fine tooth comb. In  
 “support of the efficacy of this remedy, the  
 “experience of ages may with safety be alleged.  
 “Should its steady and vigorous application,  
 “(the iteration of the process of depectination  
 “should be at least diurnal,) contrary to ex-  
 “pectation fail of success; I would then *un-*  
 “hesitatingly recommend an entire *crinium*

“*comarumque abrasio*, a shaving of the  
 “head, and a plentiful superimposition of un-  
 “guent mercurial in the parts affected; the  
 “cerebrum should then be protected by some  
 “warm integument, (a full made wig, or woollen  
 “nightcap,) and for some days all exposure,  
 “whether pluvial or simply frigorific, should be  
 “sedulously avoided. I cannot conclude this  
 “letter without giving you a particular and mi-  
 “nute description of the *Lateres Babylonici*,”  
 &c. &c. &c.

Line 367.—“*Here Johnson lies.*”—This alludes to the happy faculty displayed by Mr. Clinton in appropriating the words and thoughts of Dr. Johnson to his own uses. I do not mean to blame him for it; like many a hard pressed parson, he is right to substitute another's sermon for his own; and provided he gives us better sense to qualify his own want of it, why should blame be attached to the innocent deceit?

Line 375.—“*Which Hosack swears, and Dr. Francis.*”—I have to apologize to Dr. Francis, for permitting his name to remain in its present subjunctive state, and associated

with the worshippers of a man whom, I believe, he truly appreciates. But, besides that it saves me the trouble of a new rhyme, I conceive that an atonement, as public as the offence, is due to him for the disrespectful manner in which he was mentioned in a previous note to Dick Shift. It arose from an ignorance of qualities which place him far above those, under whom he is content to act, and fit him for higher offices than contributing by his zeal, learning, and talents, to bolster up quacks and blockheads, whether literary or political. Let him remember, however, that, in order that the world may appreciate his character, it is necessary that he should set a proper value on it himself; and that there is much truth in the common adage, that “evil communications corrupt good manners.”

Line 386.—“*He caught the stalk—the blossoms fell.*”—Dr. Johnson somewhere speaks of the “blossoms of elocution, that drop off so easily at the touch of the translator.” Mr. Clinton has shown that the touch of the plagiarist is equally fatal. See note to 2d Epistle of Pindar Puff.

Line 406.—“*A Martling-man, ’twas sent*

*by Pierre.*”—Pierre C. Van Wyck, Esq. formerly Recorder of the city of New-York, now District Attorney. He is the reputed author of a series of—I hardly know what to call them—published in the *Columbian*, under the signature of “A Martling-Man.” They are extremely *witty*, but somewhat deficient in grammar and orthography, branches of learning in which I am afraid his education has been improperly neglected. This gentleman is in age about forty-five years, and in height about six feet, circumstances which, combined with the singular precocity of his talents, may account for the appellation which his friends give him, of “The rising young man.”

Line 407.—“*Hoping his “Magnus” would be willing.*”—“*Et tu mihi Magnus Apollo eris;*” with the substitution of the present for the future, the constant exclamation of all true Clintonians to their lord and master.

Line 410.—“*A dunning letter from the Jew.*”—Probably the celebrated dreaming Jew, well known for his connexion with that *unfortunate* lottery business, as some people were delicate enough to call it. This man, during



the last winter, and whilst attending the lottery committee, dined at his Excellency's table, a circumstance which at the time excited much astonishment; but the "dunning letter" explains it in a manner so satisfactorily, that nothing more ought to be said on the subject.

Line 411.—“*Here from Sylvanus many a note.*”—Sylvanus Miller, Esq. Surrogate of the city of New-York, member of I know not how many learned societies. He is (as Domine Sampson says of Pleydell) “an exceedingly learned gentleman, and withal very facetious.”—Some years ago, during the old Corrector time, a wicked wit (I think it was Washington Irvine) fixed upon him the offensive appellation of “Yahoo.” The name seemed to take, and stuck fast to Mr. Miller for some time; but it must be admitted that, of late years, he is vastly improved in dress and manners. He is now the principal confidant and prime minister of Governor Clinton, with whom he maintains a constant correspondence. One of his letters, and his Excellency's reply, have fallen into my hands, and shall shortly be turned into verse for the benefit of posterity.

Line 418.—“*The lie is fix'd, and fix'd the*

*shame.*”—The following article was published in the American of October 27, 1819 :

“ It has long been notorious that the friends  
 “ of Mr. Clinton, without stopping too nicely  
 “ to inquire into the nature of the means they  
 “ employ, think all fair which may tend to pro-  
 “ mote his views ; still there are certain re-  
 “ serves, which, even amidst the keenest poli-  
 “ tical struggles, a man of honour disdains to  
 “ overstep ; and at the very head of these is that  
 “ scrupulous regard for veracity, which can  
 “ never be departed from, without forfeiting all  
 “ claim to the character of a gentleman. Po-  
 “ litical opposition may, indeed, beget incre-  
 “ dulity as to the virtues of adversaries, and a  
 “ proneness to receive, without inquiry, and to  
 “ propagate as acknowledged truths, whatso-  
 “ ever may tend to depreciate their characters ;  
 “ but he is neither fit for the society of honour-  
 “ able men, nor deserving of public confidence,  
 “ whom the desire of advancing his own, or  
 “ the hope of injuring his opponent’s cause, can  
 “ induce, knowingly and wilfully, to depart  
 “ from the truth. With this crime we charge  
 “ Sylvanus Miller ; him whom a keen and ac-  
 “ curate satirist has recently described as the  
 “ Jackal purveyor “ of *small lies* and fulsome

“praise,” to the mock Lion of the day. It is  
 “not the first, nor the second time, that similar  
 “experiments upon the public credulity have  
 “been made by this person, in his *disinterested*  
 “*zeal* to serve his master, but this must be the  
 “last; we come, therefore, to our story, which  
 “is shortly this: Mr. Sylvanus Miller recently  
 “stated to a respectable lawyer of this city,  
 “that on board the steam-boat, before many  
 “gentlemen, Mr. Rufus King had said, that,  
 “although he did not approve of Mr. Clinton’s  
 “conduct as a politician, he thought him the  
 “best man offered as Governor of the State of  
 “New-York, and that he (Mr. King) consider-  
 “ed the opposition to Mr. C. as *unprincipled*.  
 “On being asked if this could be substantiated,  
 “Mr. Miller replied that it could satisfactorily,  
 “as a number of gentlemen were present; and  
 “added, that it might be relied on. This con-  
 “versation having been communicated to sever-  
 “ral gentlemen, the report soon reached us;  
 “when, at our request, it was repeated sub-  
 “stantially, as we have given it above; and  
 “having submitted the memorandum thereof,  
 “made at the time, and read over to, and ac-  
 “quiesced in by, our informant, to Mr. Rufus  
 “King, he authorized us to declare the same,

“so far as relates to him, utterly and entirely  
 “*without foundation*. What then is Mr. Syl-  
 “vanus Miller? And what can honourable  
 “men think of the cause, and of its patron,  
 “whom such wilful and audacious falsehoods  
 “are meant to support? The motive for them  
 “is obvious. Mr. King has deservedly acquired  
 “a consideration with the public, which ren-  
 “ders his opinions upon political men and af-  
 “fairs of importance; and it being sufficiently  
 “clear, that a great majority of those who  
 “have habitually acted with Mr. King, were  
 “either hesitating in the support of, or ranking  
 “themselves in opposition to, Mr. Clinton, it  
 “became absolutely necessary to fall upon  
 “some device, by which to fix the wavering,  
 “and to discredit those who appeared in hos-  
 “tile array, and the above story was fearlessly  
 “invented and circulated. It was this same  
 “Sylvanus Miller, who, when Mr. Clinton was  
 “a candidate for the presidency, was despatch-  
 “ed as his missionary to Massachusetts; arm-  
 “ed then, as now, with matchless impudence,  
 “and a conscience void of—faith. Then, as  
 “now, “small lies,” and large ones too, were  
 “the weapons of attack; and finding that in  
 “the Senate of Massachusetts, the name of Ru-  
 “fus King was a “venerable name,” he had

“ the assurance to say to one of the Sena-  
 “ tors, a relative of that gentleman, in order to  
 “ determine him to support Mr. Clinton’s pre-  
 “ tensions, that they were approved and sup-  
 “ ported by Mr. King!—by that Mr. King,  
 “ who, in the assembled Convention at New-  
 “ York, as Mr. Miller well knew, had openly  
 “ denounced them ;—by that Mr. King, whose  
 “ whole political career has been the bitterest  
 “ satire upon that of all such shallow dema-  
 “ gogues as Mr. Clinton, but who holds in too  
 “ much contempt the arts which are used, and  
 “ the men who use them, to expose them, as he  
 “ might do, to the scoffs and scorn of honoura-  
 “ ble men.”

This was re-published in the National Advocate  
 and Evening Post. Several weeks have elapsed,  
 and no contradiction, or even explanation, has  
 yet appeared ; so that even the friends of Mr.  
 Miller must acknowledge, that “ The lie is  
 “ fix’d,” &c. Poor Sylvanus ! why did he not  
 confine the excursions of his fancy to his cor-  
 respondence with his Excellency ? With him  
 he was secure from detection, and perhaps from  
 suspicion.

.Line 419.—“ *Here rose a huge and learned*

*pyre.*”—Why attack poor Dr. Mitchill? In return, I ask, in the name of all that is ridiculous, at whom, or at what, may we be permitted to laugh, if Dr. Mitchill is to be sacred? Does he not, by the exposure of himself in every imaginable form, solicit and merit our ridicule? Is he not perpetually obtruding himself on the public notice? And have not his trifling vanity—his eternal egotism—his pretended or absurdly exaggerated discoveries, brought a disgrace on the literary character of the nation? After all, this sympathy for the Doctor is quite unnecessary. Were the whole human race to be collected together, and were they all, man, woman, and child, to burst forth in one simultaneous shout of derision and laughter, I am firmly persuaded that the self-complacency of this new Codrus\* would not in the slightest degree be affected or disturbed!!!

Line 474.—“*'Tis true, the sapient Ross, 'tis said.*”—William Ross, Esq. of Newburgh, a member of the present Council of Appointment. His wisdom is quite proverbial. It is a fact much to be regretted, that this gentleman

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\* Whilst peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,  
Thou unconcern'd wouldst hear, &c. POPE.

was born on the passage of his parents from Ireland to this country—a circumstance which, combined with a little singularity of accent, and a certain native wildness of visage, have made him generally pass for an Irishman; and thus are we debarred from the hope of seeing him one day President of the United States. We *know* that the patriotism and modesty of Mr. Ross have led him to view the subject in the same light. He frequently to his friends, and with much eloquence, condemns the prohibition of the Constitution as illiberal and unjust. But why may it not be altered?

Line 479.—“ *Here Spencer look’d, and all was still.*”—Evidently stolen from Dr. Darwin:—

————— Awhile the living hill  
Heav’d with convulsive throes, and all was still.

Line 483.—“ *Makes him his butt, instead of Pierre.*”—To be the object of his Excellency’s ridicule in company, the larger the party the better, is esteemed by all his friends a mark of peculiar favour. *Testes*, Drs. Hosack, Mitchell, and the learned Graham; Messrs. Van Wyck, Miller, &c. Considering this pro-

pensity of his Excellency's he must be allowed to have shown great judgment in the choice of his friends. The subjects of his wit are quite inexhaustible.

Line 490.—“*'Tis time, I own, the tale should close.*”—In the first edition were these lines :

“*Tho' the appetite of Kent it quickens,  
Stomachs more nice it always sickens.*”

On which was the following note :

“This is a mistake—it acts as an opiate.  
“But the Chancellor must and will awake. It  
“would be extremely painful to me to be re-  
“duced to the necessity of describing an inter-  
“view and conversation between him and Falla-  
“cio ; yet the subject is very tempting—has  
“struck my imagination, and I am persuaded  
“would slide very easily into verse. As the  
“Chancellor is classical, why should not the  
“motto be taken from his favourite Juvenal ?

“————— Nihil est, quod credere de se  
“Non possit, cum laudatur.—————”

“Why should I not add a few most serious  
“and earnest words, which, were it possible



“ that I could have the opportunity, I would not  
 “ hesitate to say to the Chancellor himself :  
 “ “ Sir, you are far removed above even the  
 “ *suspicion* of corruption. Praise, which, in the  
 “ times in which we live, in the situations which  
 “ you have held—surrounded, probably tempt-  
 “ ed, as you have been, is by no means trifling.  
 “ You are an able, learned, and indefatigable  
 “ Judge ; (I hate superlatives, and from friends  
 “ they never should be heard ;) a laborious stu-  
 “ dent, not from ostentation, but a genuine love  
 “ of learning, and a sound scholar of deep and  
 “ various acquirements. Here, sir, are nume-  
 “ rous titles to respect and admiration ; and the  
 “ tribute none pays more willingly than myself.  
 “ Yet, sir, pardon me for saying it, for violat-  
 “ ing in appearance those forms which you ex-  
 “ pect to be observed in addressing you. Though  
 “ I perceive that your anger is now rising  
 “ against me, yet the time is not distant when I  
 “ shall have your gratitude for speaking as I in-  
 “ tend. Yet, sir, you ought to know and to  
 “ feel—it is a truth which must reach your  
 “ heart, as well as your understanding—that  
 “ able, learned, gifted as you are, neither as a  
 “ man nor a Judge, are you exempt from faults ;  
 “ and would to God, that, instead of the flatter-

“ers and sycophants which besiege you, you  
 “had some friend, who from time to time had  
 “the courage to talk to you in the language of  
 “plain truth, and that you had the courage to  
 “listen !”

The Chancellor has found that friend, and has listened to him. The determination which that great man (for such he truly is) announced in his late letter to Mr. Hoffman, “to withdraw  
 “himself entirely from the contests of party, to  
 “devote himself exclusively to the duties of his  
 “office, and thus to deserve and command the  
 “respect and confidence of the community at  
 “large,” is most becoming and honourable, and will, we cannot doubt, be rigidly adhered to.

Line 534.—“ *But some are bought, who cannot sell.*”—A very obscure line. Why not sell ? The new Attorney General, who is a man of great sagacity, may possibly divine the meaning of this mysterious passage, and his feelings will probably assist the operation of his intellect. Oakley, (proh pudor,) let me change a line from Virgil to express my feelings :

“Ille meos amores abstulit secum  
 Habetque sepulchro !! (id est) officio.”

The sepulchre of his ———, and of the esteem of some who were his warmest friends.

Line 516.—“ *The time, next May—the place, suppose.*”—Immediately after the election, which takes place in the last week in April. The counties named are those nearest to the city, and from which intelligence would be first received.

Line 551.—“ *The villain, void of faith and conscience.*”—Conscience—Tompkins—Careless, bad rhymes, certainly ; nor can it be a matter of surprise that those who defend the conduct of the Comptroller should so strenuously object to the association.

Last line.—“ *Has—damn him, Sir !—has voted Tompkins.*”—It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state, that this conjecture, that the Vice-President will be brought forward as the next candidate for Governor, in opposition to Mr. Clinton, is merely an inference of the writer, from the language of newspapers. It is a fact which he cannot otherwise have the opportunity or means of knowing. The correspondence between the Comptroller and the Vice-President,

in relation to the settlement of his accounts, has lately been published, and suggests many important reflections. The discussion of the propriety or justice of the claims of the Vice-President under the act passed by the Legislature, during their last session, for his relief, &c. it is obvious would be improper and misplaced, in a publication like the present; but there is one fact stated in the last letter to the Comptroller, to which the attention of the community ought to be called, and which I should think must make a deep impression on the mind of any impartial man. The Vice-President of the United States does not hesitate, in a letter intended to be published, to decline the submission of a question in which his private interests are involved, to the decision of the Supreme Court of this state, on the ground that two of the Judges of that Court are his personal and political enemies, and had already committed themselves by a private extrajudicial opinion to the Comptroller on the very points which it might become their duty as Judges to decide. In other and in plain words, he declines their jurisdiction, because he *dreads their partiality, and distrusts their integrity*. And yet we all feel that he has acted discreetly and wisely. How serious

and painful are the reflections which this is calculated to excite!

Let us suppose that Judges, eminent for their abilities, their singular acuteness, or extraordinary powers of persuasion, have embraced a particular party, with vehemence and passion: to promote the success, to ensure the triumph, of that party, is the ruling passion of their bosoms, and the great objects of their lives. Hence they are incessantly engaged in an extended political correspondence, branching out to the remotest corners of the state; in receiving and reading newspapers; in preparing political squibs, or essays; in seeking to influence the opinions of every man with whom they converse; in the discussion or direction of the measures which their party interests may seem to require. When off the bench, it is manifest to the most inattentive observer, that in every thing they say or do, they look to political effects; to the extension of their own personal influence in the advancement of the views of the party to which they are attached. Will, or can such Judges, when on the bench, at once, and by a species of moral miracle, divest themselves of all those opinions, wishes, feelings, prejudices, and passions, by which their whole souls are

possessed, agitated, and inflamed? Let every man of common sense, having the slightest knowledge or judgment of human nature, ask his understanding the question, what are the consequences that are likely to follow? Let every lawyer of any experience or practice, who has in any degree rescued his mind from that slavish subjection which is too successfully sought to be imposed on the intellects of the bar, ask his memory the question, what are the consequences that *have followed*?

But it is very jacobinical, and very horrible, it seems, to say these things openly. To be sure in private we do not hesitate to express our opinions to each other, and avow without reserve our suspicions, our anxieties, and our fears. But to proclaim them to the world—to the selfish tribe whose thoughts so invariably take the direction of their own petty interests, the possible idea of encountering the resentment, or incurring the enmity of a Judge, is insupportable. Whilst others of higher minds and better feelings, confounding the men with the institution, have accustomed themselves to regard even the gentlest exposure of the faults of Judges as little less than a direct attack on the Judiciary itself. An attack on the Judiciary!

what man is there in this state of any party, and of any claims to respectability and talents, who is not forward, on every proper occasion, to avow his attachment to the Judiciary, and his determination to defend it? In what community does there prevail a veneration for the form and practice of our old common law, so deep-rooted and universal? In what state has the Legislature made such ample appropriations for the support of the Judges? Where do the Judges, as such, possess a respect and consideration so enviable as that which they here enjoy? No; in this state the Judiciary never can be destroyed *but by the Judges themselves*. And it is only by the open and fearless exposure, the strong and pointed reprobation, of that conduct, *which may lead to its destruction*, that it can be preserved. Judges must cease to be active, intriguing, passionate politicians, or the odium which they will personally excite, may in time extend to the institution. They must cease to be politicians, or they may in time raise and collect a storm, out of which the “*vox populi*” will be heard to issue in thunder, “*Cease to be Judges.*”

Since the publication of the former edition of this poem, the Albany New-Hampshire editor

(who in every sentence that he writes, betrays his entire ignorance of the characters of those whom he is employed, and bound to defend) has published what some affect to consider a triumphant vindication of the conduct of certain of the Judges. As is usual with this editor, he begins by innocently mistaking, or designedly misrepresenting the question at issue; and hence his defence, far from meeting, and repelling, is absolutely foreign to the charge. Who has ever denied, that the Judges, in common with other citizens, possess the right of forming, and of freely expressing when formed, their political sentiments? of discussing the measures and characters of public men? and of supporting, by their independent votes, their honest opinions? By whom have these rights been more openly and constantly exercised, than by the present Chancellor, and late Chief Justice Kent, Judge Yates, and Judge Platt? And to them, who has ever thought of extending that censure which the conduct of others has called forth and merited? To remove all future mistakes, Mr. Editor, the charge is, that the men whom you seek to vindicate, are politicians by *trade*; that they have made political intrigue and management, the principal study and great business of their lives; and that in their actions



and discourse, they perpetually display all those prejudices and passions, and all that intemperance of zeal, which the personal contentions of party are sure to engender. To the correctness of this representation, almost every individual that has resided within this State for a few years past, and possesses common respectability and intelligence, may bear testimony from personal observation. Its general truth even this stranger has not openly contested, but vehemently denies that it justifies those inferences which some have suggested, and talks much and confidently of superior abilities, *extensive learning*, and hitherto unsuspected integrity ! What proof, (he exclaims with great apparent triumph,) what proof can be adduced that these Judges have ever permitted their political feelings to control or influence their political conduct ? It has not been said that such proof exists. It has not been asserted that on any given occasion, either of these Judges has been guilty of improper or corrupt partiality. No such accusation has yet been made, and certainly no prudent man will venture to prefer it. It is indeed impossible not to admire the simplicity, real or affected, of the Editor, in demanding this evidence, utterly forgetting, it

would seem, that such an accusation, from its nature, is hardly susceptible of direct and legal proof. An advocate, the political enemy of the presiding Judge, is interrupted, contradicted, set down, and silenced. His opponent, the Judge's friend, is listened to with respect and attention, encouraged, and liberally praised. Evidently it would be rash to assert that the Honourable Judge, in his treatment of the professional rivals, was influenced by his political feelings, since he may have been governed by an honest conviction of the demerits of the one, and of the talents and integrity of the other. On the trial of a political friend, (such things will sometimes happen,) the Judge delivers a most ingenious and able charge, well calculated to secure the acquittal of the supposed criminal. How can it be shown that he did not really entertain the sentiments which he has expressed ? that he did not actually view the evidence in the light in which he has chosen to exhibit it ? To be sure, the same impression may have been made on the minds of the whole audience, that was made upon my own ; but were we all called as witnesses, to what could we testify, except to our opinion, suspicion, or belief ? Nothing is more certain, or more obvious, to those who have

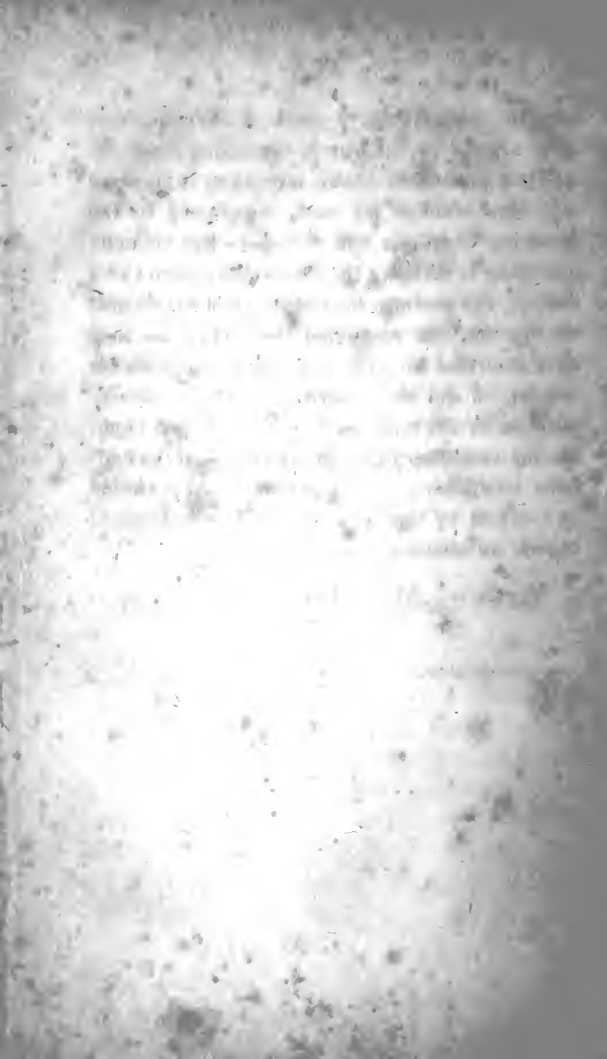
marked the course of judicial proceedings, than that a Judge, in every cause that he hears, in every case that he determines, in every opinion that he gives, may surrender his integrity to the influence of political motives, and yet never furnish against himself, if he possess ordinary talents and prudence, that legal evidence of guilt which would be requisite to sustain an accusation of corrupt partiality.

Let it, however, be admitted, that the Judges in question are as pure, and incorrupt, and immaculate, as their apologist has chosen to represent them—let it be conceded, that those suspicions, which the experience of other nations, and a knowledge of the infirmity of our common nature, would *seem* to justify, are, as applied to them, unfounded and unjust. Still the active interference of men holding judicial stations, in the contests of party, is an evil deeply to be deprecated ; still it is an evil meriting the reprehension, demanding the censure of every friend to his country, and to the permanence of its noblest institutions. The inevitable tendency of such conduct is to distract the mind of the Judge with cares irrelevant to his office, and passions that degrade, whilst they agitate : cares and passions, that break and dissipate that intellec-

tual energy, and scatter and divide by an infinity of petty avocations, that attention which should be concentrated on the effectual discharge of his pressing and important duties. Its tendency is no less certain to impair that confidence and respect which the community would otherwise cheerfully render, and eventually to bring the whole administration of justice into suspicion, disrepute, and odium. They—we repeat it—*they* are the friends of the Judiciary, who, as they sincerely lament, fear not openly to condemn this conduct of the Judges.

But who dare, demands the pensioner, in a tone of singular confidence, who dare to impute even a neglect of their proper duties to either of the Judges, to whom these animadversions may be thought to refer—and whom he seeks to exalt by praise, as *intelligent* as it is *disinterested*. Neglect of their duties! a serious charge, and depending so entirely for its proof on the knowledge and capacity of those who might be authorized to determine on its truth, that I will not advance it. Yet should I assert that some duties are negligently or insufficiently performed, in support of that assertion I might possibly appeal to evidence, that every member of the bar feels—I mean to say, would feel, to be irre-

sistible. Something, I think, I have heard of cases argued or submitted, remaining some after time undecided—some murmurs, it seems to me, have reached my ears, occasioned by the declining character and value——But enough ; one thing is certain : the Chancellor, when Chief Justice, did perform his duties ; and his recorded labours, his embodied researches, as they have encircled his own name with imperishable honour, so did they contribute to raise the reputation of the State, and to improve and ennoble the character of the profession. If the contrast be striking, is it wonderful that it should be marked by that profession, with feelings of regret, humiliation, and resentment ?



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THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF

**Brevet Major Pindar Puff.**

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**EPISTLE**  
TO THE  
**AUTHOR OF DICK SHIFT,**  
FROM  
**PINDAR PUFF, A. B.**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**

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[THE poet, in this epistle, after some account of his own plans, proceedeth to celebrate an achievement of the chivalric Mayor of New-York, which was much lauded at the time in the newspapers, and in particular elicited the splendid eulogy of an anonymous writer, whom I hesitate not to hail as the American Phillips. In justice both to the hero and his panegyrist, as well as to make the conclusion of the following epistle intelligible to distant readers, I gladly seize this opportunity to decorate these pages with part of this glittering eulogy.]

EDITOR.

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[“ The writer of this article, in giving way to the expression of sentiments, which he deems honourable to humanity, in thus feebly evincing his respect for the New-York public, would ill express his feelings, were he to omit to notice the conduct of the distinguished chief magistrate of our city on this occasion. As soon as he was informed that the back gate was opened, he took Madame Guillé under one arm, and Mr. Guillé under the other, and conducted them both out of the garden ; and, to prevent all possibility of their being annoyed by any one, gave them seats in his own carriage.

“ It is impossible to disunite the ideas of nobleness of mind, of elevation of character, of dignity, decision, and firmness, blended with a beautiful and enchanting halo of gallantry and manliness, as connected with his deportment during the incidents of Thursday. Those incidents and this deportment are known ; and that knowledge will for ever endear his name and memory with the good, the gallant, and the brave. The patron of the enterprising, the friend of the stranger, the protector of the innocent, the consoler of the afflicted ;—these are attributes—these are qualifica-

tions—which ennoble our nature, confer lustre on office, render station meritorious, and exalt the character of man.

“NOVUS EBORENSIS.”

*Ev. Post.* }



POOR friend, in vain—in vain, thy muffled brow  
And dark disguise ; full well I know thee now—  
I deem'd thee, in all worldly wisdom wise,  
But, lo ! some demon, in the Muse's guise,  
Hath fill'd with rhymes and rage thy teeming brain,  
And lur'd thee from the paths of wealth and gain,  
Hath bid thee rush all frantic through the land,  
With Satire's scourge high brandish'd in thy hand.  
Say—shouldst thou act great Juvenal's stern part—  
Shouldst thou, like him, lay bare each guilty heart,  
Raise against quacking fools the world's dread  
laugh,

Tear from its shrine each worshipp'd golden calf,—  
What gain were thine ? what honour to those lays,  
Which those who read with pleasure *dare* not praise ?

Remember, friend, that counsel sage and grave,  
 Which to young Pope a prudent lawyer\* gave :  
 “ Alas ! young man, your days will ne’er be long,  
 “ In flow’r of life you perish for a song ;  
 “ It stands on record, that in Richard’s times,  
 “ A man was hang’d for very honest rhymes.”  
 You brave the law ! dread’st thou not Miller’s rage,  
 And all the filth of the Columbian’s page ?  
 E’en that, thou dar’st—yet sure thou hast some  
       dread

To see grave elders shake the rev’rend head,  
 When to wise Ross you’re not polite enough,  
 “ And something’s said of W——ms much too  
       rough†.”

I too, who blame thee, feel the wish to write—  
 For with wild hopes the Muse’s dreams incite.  
 Sure, I can mimic Pope’s melodious chime,  
 And, though no poet, may make current rhyme.  
 But, prudent, I will shun wild Satire’s guilt,  
 Nor madly strive with pow’r-clad vice to tilt.

\* Mr. Fortescue.—See Pope’s Imitations of Horace, Sat. 1.

† Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,  
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.

No—by a flow'ry road I mount to fame,  
 And easier earn the poet's honour'd name ;  
 Soft panegyrics through my verse shall glide,  
 And smoothest flatt'ry pour its oily tide ;  
 For this is Puffing's most propitious hour,  
 On ev'ry side is seen and felt its pow'r.  
 Great H-s-ck's name about the world is blown,  
 And CLINTON shines where Elliott is unknown.  
 Oh what a pleasing, useful, gainful trade,  
 Is that, by which the mock great man is made !  
 With careful prudence I my themes will choose,  
 Nor idly waste the bounties of the muse.  
 Some men there are of whom I ne'er shall sing ;  
 Your Wolcott, Thompson, Marshall, Adams, King ;  
 These men have stoic dreams of right and wrong,  
 And poorly will reward the flatt'rer's song—  
 Nor of the honour'd THREE\*, who, simply great,  
 Now rest in quiet from the toils of state ;  
 Prudent I turn me from their setting ray,  
 To worship the ascending Lord of day.  
 Of CLINTON will I sing, and what sage Pell  
 Hath told in pompous prose, in verse I'll tell ;

---

\* The three ex-presidents.

His martial deeds upon Hoboken's shore,  
 His skill in conch-shells, and his Indian lore ;  
 His wond'rous wisdom in our state affairs,  
 His curious knowledge of the tails of bears ;  
 Tell, how the learned all his works review,  
 In China, Lapland, Hayti, and Peru ;  
 How in yon hall, to science dear, and fame,  
 Clinton and Newton equal honours claim :  
 How he spreads terror through vile faction's ranks,  
 And writes long letters to Sir Joseph Banks !  
 How, with fine art, he pilfer'd tropes transmutes,  
 And Johnson's sense to common-place dilutes !  
 How, with moralities so meekly good,  
 He lash'd low Junius, and his libelling brood ;  
 And how, with essay gay, or pamphlet grave,  
 He can a rival's "*reputation stave.*"  
 Thus to his heart I'll work my easy way,  
 Soon bask in all the sunshine of his day,  
 The law's dull paths\* henceforward gladly quit,  
 And live by flattery, politics, and wit.  
 You smile—and think I rate my verse too high :  
 It may be so—but I'm resolv'd to try.  
 My powers of praise this instant you shall see ;  
 I wager Bonner gives the palm to me :

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\* Hall of the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society.

Yet hold—not Clinton yet—my first essay  
 Must be in some more lowly, modest way.  
 One of his friends we'll take—the Mayor, I deem,  
 Would furnish to my verse a noble theme ;  
 He loves the puffer's art, and joys to hear  
 His praises ringing in the public ear :  
 When sapient editors his virtues swell,  
 And Lang and Spooner all his merits tell ;  
 Or trivial deeds in florid phrase rehearse—  
 How sinks their prose before my sounding verse,  
 You nod assent—that point agreed,  
 I call upon the muse, and thus proceed :

*The Age of Chivalry, revived in 1819.*

For a long age, while dead to honour's flame,  
 Our chiefs no more the Muse's tribute claim,  
 Heroic valour and chivalric pride  
 Have lain entomb'd by gallant Quixote's side ;  
 There doom'd to lie, till some high-minded knight  
 Once more should call them to the fields of light—  
 Should bid them, clad in ancient glories, rise,  
 And this chill age with knighthood's deeds surprise.  
 That day hath come.—O thou, my verse inspire,  
 Muse of Romance, with thine heroic fire !

Such as erst glow'd in great Cervantes' *Robt.*  
 Or such as, in our colder, baser age,  
 Fired Knickerbocker's soul, what time he told  
 The high exploits of Stuyvesant the bold :—  
 A greater chief I sing ; and ah ! too weak  
 My faltering voice, his noble deeds to speak.  
 To whom unknown is gallant *Colden's* name ?  
 The child of genius, and the heir of fame ?  
 To whom invention opens all her springs,  
 Who soars to power on young ambition's wings :  
 Who led our squadrons to the tented field,  
 Who made great R-de-ff all his honours yield :  
 Who woos fair science in her coy retreats,  
 Who guards from filth this favour'd city's streets :  
 Who Fulton's rights victorious did secure,  
 Against the rash attacks of wicked Duer,  
 Proving his ignorance of the patent laws,  
 By gentle jokes upon his single cause\*—  
 Author, Mayor, General—in whose mighty mind  
 Law, tactics, politics, are seen combin'd.  
 High tho' these honours are, and tho' sure fate  
 Reserve thee others full as high and great,

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\* See Steam-boat Controversy.



Yet b' Mitchill's with thine own thou shalt combine,  
 And L. L. D. and F. R. S. be thine—  
 Yet, Colden, never can thy future life  
 Eclipse the glory of that madd'ning strife,  
 What time, like Icarus, the Gaul's balloon,  
 Without its master, soar'd towards the moon :  
 Whilst the wild mob in angry fury rose,  
 Till thou snatch'dst Guillé from his furious foes ;  
 And then, all courteous, pour'dst consoling balm  
 Into the fluttering bosom of *Madame* :—  
 Yes—in our brains, while memory holds her seat,  
 Shall be remember'd that prodigious feat,—  
 When round Vauxhall, her standard Riot bore,  
 And savage cartmen bellow'd at the door :  
 Alarm'd and anxious, stood th' affrighted pair,  
 (The daring Frenchman and his blushing fair,)  
 Full in the face of danger and alarm ;  
 Dauntless, *he* took them, under either arm—  
 Then, like Achilles, rais'd his voice aloud,  
 And call'd his marshals *to drive back the crowd*.  
 Bright mists the god of steam about him threw,\*  
 Above him fame her shrillest clarion blew :

---

\* “ Her egis Pallas o'er his shoulders threw.”

Around his head phosphoric halos beam'd,  
 And with fresh gloss his satin small clothes gleam'd.  
 Amaz'd, o'eraw'd, the dazzled crowd roll'd back,  
 And forth the hero rush'd—to his own hack ;  
 Quickly he mounted—placing by his side  
 The grateful Guillé and his beauteous bride ;  
 “ Coachman, drive on,” he said, and through the  
     throng  
 Dash'd the strong steeds—the swift wheels smok'd  
     along ;  
 Danger and riot are left far behind,  
 And shouts and hisses murmur in the wind :—  
 By deeds like these, great chief, aspire to raise  
 Thy name and honour to immortal praise :  
 So shall late ages, wondering, turn their eyes  
 To one so brave, so courteous, and so wise ;  
 Our city's chief, in virtue, as in power—  
 Learning's bright light, and Chivalry's fair flower.

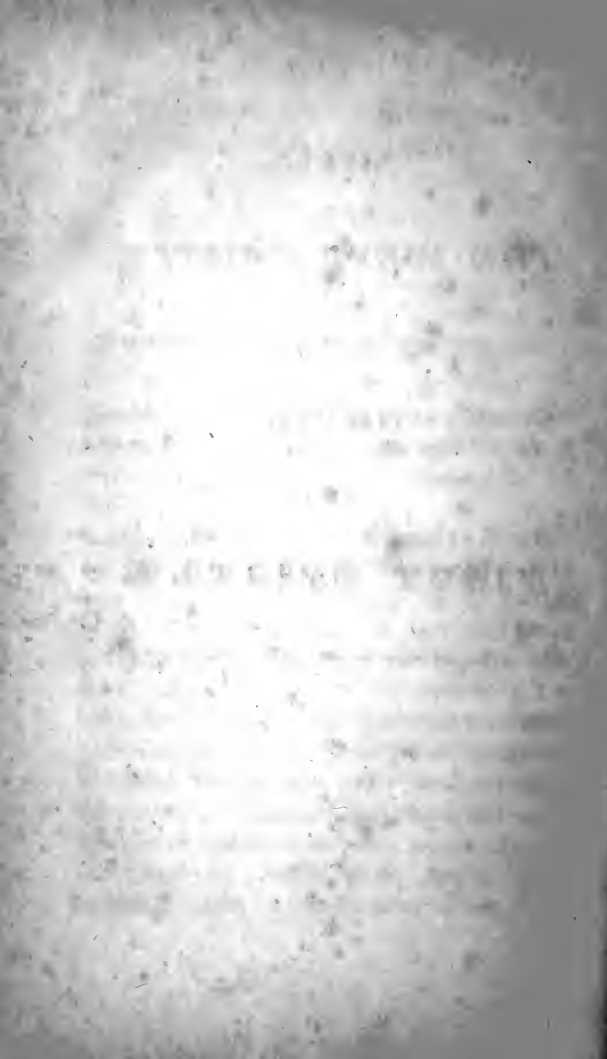
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**NOTES**

TO THE

**FIRST EPISTLE.**

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# NOTES

TO

## *THE FIRST EPISTLE.*

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Page 103.

*“Great H-s-ck’s name about the world is blown,  
“And Clinton shines, where ELLIOTT is unknown.”*

Stephen Elliott, Esq. of South Carolina, one of the first naturalists of our country, and, we believe, of the age. In 1814, about the very same time that Mr. Clinton was delivered of that uncouth and misshapen literary monster, “The Discourse,” Mr. Elliott published an “Address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina,” of which institution he is President. The object of the authors of these two works was the same, as well as the occasion which called them forth. It was the design of both, (in Mr. Elliott’s language,) “to present to public view the great objects of

“ these societies, and, after delineating their extent and magnitude, to offer some general observations on their ultimate importance and value.” But nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the manner in which the two Presidents have executed their respective undertakings. We shall soon take an opportunity to discuss more particularly the merits of Mr. Clinton’s disjointed, common-place, and eminently unphilosophical “ Discourse ;” its general character, however, is well known to all who have taken the trouble to read the book, and judge for themselves, without trusting in scientific and political puffers.

Mr. Elliott’s Address is a model of lucid and philosophical arrangement, which, for the clearness and precision of its divisions and definitions, would do no discredit to the metaphysical genius of D’Alembert, or Dugald Stewart. Its learning is at once general and accurate ; it is full of deep and often original thought, expressed in a style of graceful and manly simplicity, frequently enriched by the colourings of a poetical fancy, and occasionally rising to a tone of touching and lofty eloquence. It has no parade of quotation or learned reference, no cumbrous display of schoolboy knowledge, no effort to eke

out scanty meaning with a multitude of words ; in short, none of the tricks of the book-maker. In fact, the author seems to have been embarrassed by the throng of ideas which crowded in upon his mind, and his only effort was to arrange them as methodically, and to express them as briefly as possible. He has accordingly condensed in about forty pages, what, in other hands, would have swelled into a massy volume.

In a work of such sustained excellence, it is difficult to select any particular object of commendation. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out the comparative view of the mineralogical systems of Werner and of the Abbé Harry, as an admirable specimen of philosophical exposition and criticism. His remarks on those natural associations and affinities which exist in the vegetable kingdom, are in the same tone of sound philosophy. It is curious to observe in how different a spirit the study of natural history has been pursued by Mr. Clinton and by Mr. Elliott. To judge from Mr. Clinton's book, the Linnæan nomenclature, the arrangements of Blumenbach, and the controversies of zoologists, comprehend almost all that is valuable in human knowledge. With Mr. Elliott, natural

history is never for a moment made to consist in mere terminology ; but it assumes the dignity, and discharges the office, of true science, by increasing the power and the happiness of man, and unveiling to him the glories of his Maker's wisdom.

How modestly, yet how beautifully, does this great naturalist speak of his favourite pursuit !

“ Besides the extensive relations which natural science bears to man, besides its multiplied uses, permit me to recommend it to the attention of men of wealth and leisure, on the more humble ground of occupation and amusement. While it gives employment to the understanding, and habits of accurate and attentive observation, it does not require the deep and long abstraction of mathematical inquiries, nor the laborious exertions, or manual dexterity of chymical experiment. It is every where present. It meets you in air, on the earth, and in the water. It can be brought into the closet, or surround you at the fire-side. In the examination of natural substances, you meet with every beauty that arises from colour, every delight that springs from fragrance, every grace that depends on form, mingled with that pleasure



“ which is derived from the contemplation of  
 “ endless, inexhaustible variety. If to the eye  
 “ of taste, the lawn, the grove, the stream, the  
 “ mountain, the ocean, the inanimate bosom of  
 “ nature, can afford unsated pleasure, what must  
 “ be its increase, when science gives to every  
 “ object that surrounds you, intelligence and  
 “ life ! When the very earth on which you  
 “ tread becomes animate—when every rock,  
 “ every plant, every insect, presents to your  
 “ view an organization so wonderful, so varied,  
 “ so complex ; an adaptation of means to ends  
 “ so simple, so diversified, so extensive, so per-  
 “ fect, that the wisdom of man shrinks abash-  
 “ ed at the comparison. Nor is it to present  
 “ existence that our observations are confined.  
 “ The mind will sometimes delight to retrace the  
 “ march of ages—to examine, of the earth, the  
 “ revolutions that have formed and deranged its  
 “ structure—of its inhabitants, the creation, the  
 “ dissolution, the continual re-production. To  
 “ admire that harmony, which, while it has  
 “ taught each being instinctively to pursue the  
 “ primary objects of its creation, has rendered  
 “ them all subservient to secondary purposes.

“ The study of natural history has been for  
 “ many years the occupation of my leisure mo-

“ments ; it is a merited tribute to say, that it  
 “has lightened for me many a heavy, and  
 “smoothed many a rugged hour ; that, beguil-  
 “ed by its charms, I have found no road rough  
 “or difficult, no journey tedious, no country  
 “desolate or barren. In solitude never solita-  
 “ry, in a desert never without employment, I  
 “have found it a relief from the languor of idle-  
 “ness, the pressure of business, and the una-  
 “voidable calamities of life.”

ELLIOTT'S ADDRESS.

“The strain I heard was of a higher mood !”

It is with infinite mortification that we must  
 add, that while Mr. Clinton's Discourse has  
 been most industriously circulated over every  
 part of the continent, Mr. Elliott's Address is  
 so little known out of his own State, that, on  
 the most diligent search, not a copy was to be  
 found in any of the book-shops of New-York.

Page 104.

“*His martial deeds upon Hoboken's shore.*”

This, probably, alludes to a sigular instance

of the Governor's prowess in the *duello*, or single combat, (as the Baron of Bradwardine calls it,) which occurred at Hoboken.

Page 104.

*“ His curious knowledge of the tails of bears.”*

The President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York is a great *ursologist*, if we may be allowed to coin the word for his accommodation. In his Philosophical Discourse, he expatiates *usque ad nauseam* on this subject.

Page 104.

*“ Tell how the learned all his works review,  
“ In China, Lapland, Hayti, and Peru.”*

The Albany Register, and other Clintonian papers, have more than once retailed this boast of the extent of their idol's fame, almost in these very words!

Puffing, with such vast strides comes on a main,  
Invention strives to be before in vain,

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,  
Some rising genius puffs up to my song.

Page 104.

*“ How in yon hall, to Science dear, and Fame,  
“ Clinton and Newton equal honours claim.”*

The hall of the Philosophical Society is ornamented by a portrait of the great Clinton, under which hangs another of Newton, and opposite is placed a bust of Dr. Franklin. The room is exceedingly well *got up* for theatrical effect. Surely, when our learned societies lend themselves to such mountebank quackery, it is rendering an important service to our country to expose by ridicule, by argument, or by any other fair mode through which public opinion may be influenced, those pretenders who claim the honours of learning without possessing any of its substance ; who prostitute the titles and dignity of science to the uses of political ambition or private interest, and thus compel the true and honest votary of knowledge to turn away from his favourite pursuits with loathing and disgust.

We well know that Mr. Clinton and his sa-

tellites have, with their usual modesty, been accustomed to repel all assaults of this nature by talking of the idle and malicious attacks of certain wits of Charles II.'s days, upon the Royal Society, when Newton was its president. Clinton and Newton ! Heavens, what a contrast ! The one learned, humble, patient, yet bold, original, profound ; and the other—but to proceed. Since we must look to the history of the Royal Society, for instruction in the mode in which our American institutions should be managed, there is one portion of its annals which is certainly not without application on this side the Atlantic.

We recollect, that about twenty-five years ago, when the Royal Society of England was in the very zenith of its usefulness and lustre, Sir Joseph Banks was, by some management or accident, elected President, and the Society was filled with a herd of titled blockheads, of talking smatterers, of collectors, compilers, and butterfly hunters.

Dr. Horsley, a name then not less great in science than it has since become in divinity, took the alarm, and, after some vain efforts to correct the abuse, retired in disgust, together with his mathematical friends, Maske-

lyne, Gregory, Hutton, and a number more, including among them almost every successful cultivator of useful and solid knowledge in the Society, and (as Horsley said, with his usual powers of vigorous and condensed eloquence) left "the President with his train of unlearned "sycophants and feeble amateurs, to fill that "temple where science had once been worshipped, and NEWTON had been the presiding "priest."

Something like this has taken place in New-York. The rolls of our learned societies contain the names of many gentlemen who would do honour to any literary institution in the world. But the genius of impudent literary imposture, or, to speak without a metaphor, Mr. Clinton's management, aided by the weakness of some, the easy good nature of others, and the culpable and sullen indifference of the rest, who contemptuously looked on, and suffered their own names to be used to build up the reputations of men whom they despised, finally succeeded in getting the entire control of these bodies; and it has ever since sat like an Incubus upon them, pressing them down in a leaden death-like torpor.

Had we among us a Moliere, or a Foote, how would he amuse the town with describing the farcical ceremonial, the mock consequence, and the mighty nothings, which fill up the meetings of these academies ; and then, had he the true spirit of satire, how would he lash—not the mock great men themselves, but the men of sense and real learning, who, with the power to prevent it, have tamely suffered this disgraceful profanation !

It is, by the way, not a little remarkable, that the only scientific society in this city which has pursued its avowed objects steadily, vigorously, successfully, and honourably, is the Lyceum of Natural History, an institution which has never for a moment permitted this spirit to show its “ miscreated front” within its walls, and where the Governor himself has been more than once *blackballed*.

But the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society have committed one sin greater than any of those of mere omission. We boldly maintain that they have been guilty of deeply and permanently disgracing the literary reputation of the country, by sending forth to the world such a production as Mr. Clinton’s “ Inaugural Discourse,” as the work of a man

whom the *scavans* of one of our chief cities had selected as their head. If we know ourselves, we have judged of this work without any feeling of personal or political hostility ; we have even read it with a wish to find something to commend ; but in vain : it is merely a heavy and ill-compacted compilation, evidently the work of a literary artisan of the lowest order, so perfectly common-place as to leave little room for criticism, and yet frequently so absurd as to defy parody.

Without knowing much of the author's habits of study, we think we can perceive external evidence of the manner in which his book was put together. We have no manner of doubt, that his habitual reading is the second-hand floating literature of the day, as it teems forth in reviews and magazines ; with occasionally a little deeper study in some ponderous Encyclopædia. All the flowers and fruits which he thus gathers, are carefully garnered up in an immense common-place, which, when the occasion calls, is emptied into the pages of Discourse, Address, or Speech, as the case may be. It is of course all very trivial and schoolboy-like ; but the author, or rather transcriber, having forgotten whence he collected his learning, gazes upon



it with a very paternal complacency, and doubtless wonders at his own prodigious genius.

By some strange obliquity of Mr. Clinton's understanding, he seems throughout his whole book, to estimate every study exactly in the inverse ratio to its real dignity and value. In an essay, professing to point out some of the most important objects to which the labours of the American scholar should be directed, he scarcely touches upon one of those wonderful sciences which show by their grandeur, that, however fallen the human mind may be from its original brightness, it was once formed in the image of its Maker. The lofty speculations of natural theology and ethics—the mysterious, yet instructive philosophy of the human mind—the study of the foundations of politics and universal law, deep laid in the principles of our nature—the sublime truths of mathematics, and natural philosophy, so beautiful in their simplicity, of such surpassing grandeur in the infinitude of their application—the more minute, and yet scarcely less grand discoveries of modern chymistry, every day accumulating new stores of knowledge, and as rapidly simplifying their acquisition by broader and deeper generalizations:—All these are, to the President of the Literary

and Philosophical Society of New-York, as if they were not ; but he can expatiate, page after page, upon rats and ravens, red birds and blue birds, white bears with long tails, brown bears with short tails, and black bears with no tails at all.

But hold ! we shall be told that we are despisers of natural history ! and then we shall hear of Linneus and Buffon, Cuvier and—Clinton. Despisers of natural history ! we pretend to no deep knowledge of that branch of study ; but we well remember the delight with which, in our boyish days, we used to pore over the fascinating pages of Goldsmith ; and at this moment, there are few subjects upon which our pride as Americans can dwell more fondly, than upon the well earned reputation of our own Elliott, and Muhlenberg.

Who is there, that has not entirely narrowed his mind to one exclusive object of study, that can despise natural history ? when he reflects how magnificent a theme it afforded to the gorgeous eloquence of Buffon ; how in the hand of Cuvier, it reflected light upon the obscurest parts of general science, and long buried history ; how with St. Pierre, it was fruitful in the tenderest and most ennobling sentiment ; how it

enabled Ray, and Derham, and Paley, “to justify the ways of God to man,”—to show in the infinite beauty, in the diversified simplicity of its laws, the marks of an Almighty hand, and to trace the links of that moral chain which binds the human heart to the throne of its Maker.

But with such minds, Mr. Clinton has nothing in common! except, indeed, some stern critic should insist, that he has the verbosity and pomp of Buffon, without one spark of his eloquence; and all the ignorance and inaccuracy of Goldsmith, without any of his fascination.

It seems from this work, that the great ambition of the President of our Literary and Philosophical Society, is to “make the unlearned stare,” at the long compound names of the Linnean nomenclature; and to treasure up in print, for the benefit of posterity, all the knowledge which is so frequently poured out by the showmen of museums, and collections of wild beasts.

Shall the author of such a work be held up to Europe, as our first man of science? and that too, while we have a Bowditch and an Eliott among us?—Shame! folly! insolence!

We are not yet rich enough to afford to sport

with our literary reputation. Is it not, then, the rankest folly to hazard the whole of it, by extolling, as the happiest production of American talent, a heavy, misshapen abortion of drudging labour, which taste rejects, which can claim no parentage of genius, and at whose birth the “midwife fancy” refused to assist.

Page 104.

“—a rival's reputation stave.”

We doubt whether this phrase is according to pure classical usage ; it has, however, the authority of some of the Governor's most confidential adherents, and the metaphor is certainly admirably expressive of the amiable feeling by which it is suggested. His Excellency has given many exquisite specimens of his literary talent in this way, which, we regret to say, his extreme modesty has always hindered him from acknowledging.

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THE  
SECOND EPISTLE

OF

**Brevet Major Pindar Puff.**

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## SECOND EPISTLE

TO THE

**AUTHOR OF DICK SHIFT,**

FROM

**Brevet Major Pindar Puff,**

*Poet Laureat to His Excellency the Governor, A.M.*

*F.L.P.S.N.Y. Soc. Hist. Nov. Eb. Soc. Hon. A.S.S.*

*Soc. Piff. Paff. Puff. Clint. Secr. &c.*



I TOLD thee, friend, when first thy rhyming fit  
Urg'd thee to try in verse thy desperate wit,  
That Pindar Puff, by bold ambition fir'd,  
To rise to fame by dint of rhyme aspir'd :  
I told thee, too, that whilst you roughly rail'd,  
And quacks and sharpers, knaves and fools assail'd,  
My prudent verse, no sour, malignant bile,  
Should with sarcastic censure e'er defile ;  
That sweetest flattery o'er my page should glide,  
And mild eulogiums pour their honied tide ;

That I would C-ld-n puff, and Sp-nc-r laud,  
 And all that Clinton e'er has done applaud,  
 Till to such notes of praise my voice should swell,  
 That my loud puffs would drown the puffs of Pell.  
 This have I done, and rich rewards have found,  
 With honours, office, fame, and titles crown'd ;  
 No more obscure, a starv'd attorney's scribe,  
 Behold me member of each learned tribe :  
 Saddled on G-lb-rt, half his fees I get,  
 And Mister, now no more, am *Major*, by Brevet.  
 Nor is the labour great, or service hard,  
 By which I earn so ample a reward.  
 Thou know'st how erst at Rome, in Leo's days,  
 Fat Querno earn'd, and wore the laureat's bays,  
 (For I remember, once thou lov'dst that lore,  
 Which still sheds glory on fall'n Latium's shore—  
 Latium, no more by arms or empire grac'd,  
 Yet still belov'd of science, wit, and taste.)  
 Me, as its Querno, pleas'd Albania hails,  
 And, in his barge when our great chieftain sails,  
 I to his praises duteous tune my lyre,  
 His bard, his butt, his flatterer, and his squire.  
 Safely on me he tries his clumsy wit,  
 Still at his festive board I joyous sit,



Laugh at each filthy tale, each half form'd pun,  
 And all his awkward arts of vulgar fun.  
 Then to my chief, his praises I rehearse  
 In pompous, Pell-like prose, or high heroic verse;  
 Charm'd with the theme, the chief attentive hears,  
 And drinks my flattery in, with eager ears;  
 Or, as the vapour mounts, and fires his brain,  
 Craves yet another, still more fulsome strain.  
 To me an easy task—for long has fled  
 From my bronz'd cheek, its blushing, boyish red:  
 Boldly I laud his science, genius, grace,  
 And call him Newton, Mansfield—to his face.

Then, in his studious hours, I oft attend  
 Close by his side, a humble, useful friend.  
 For his Discourses I compile the notes,  
 I hunt up all the Latin that he quotes,  
 And when he labours on some mighty work,  
 I filch him scraps from Johnson, Hume, or Burke;  
 While all the plunder that rewards my toils  
 He makes his own—for *what he steals he spoils*.

T'is labour lost—a mighty gulf doth part  
 The man of genius from the man of art;  
 Him, who from nature's altar lights his fires,  
 From him whom dirty vanity inspires

'To act a part in science, and to play,  
 On quackery's stage, the NEWTON of the day.  
 Though, on his entrance, loudest plaudits ring,  
 To greet the mouthing, swelling, player king ;  
 Though with gay tinsel'd robe, and mimic art,  
 For his brief hour he frets and struts his part ;  
 That hour once past—his glories all are o'er,  
 He sinks in night—his voice is heard no more,\*  
 Not so the truly great ; their tardier fame  
 No petty arts prank out, no puffs proclaim :  
 Pure though their light, and clear its infant blaze,  
 At first it scarce attracts the vulgar gaze ;  
 Then gradual rises on the astonish'd sight,  
 With cloudless flame, insufferably bright.  
 But hence, morality, thou gainless trade—  
 For pleasing lies, not sober truths, I'm paid.

In all the magazines I often write,  
 And scientific paragraphs indite,  
 How Mitchill knows a fish, from head to tail,  
 On bare inspection of one single scale ;

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\* ————— A poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more.—SHAKSPEARE.

Of holy Hosack's clerical oration,  
 So stor'd with texts, so rich in declamation ;  
 Half history, and half sermon, how it flow'd,  
 Till with pure faith the whole assembly glow'd ;  
 Of learn'd societies, that nothing need  
 In every walk of science to succeed,  
 Save more attention, and some more expense,  
 And some more learning—and a little sense :  
 Of all, in short, that fame or honour lends  
 To Clinton's self, or Clinton's sapient friends.  
 Sometimes my pen in libels he employs,  
 Against those rude and foolish, angry boys,  
 Who in th' *American* his fame assail,  
 Daring against our country's pride to rail ;  
 Or about Bonner, that vile, wicked jester,  
 (The same who talks divinity with Ch—r,  
 And in your poem, too, has found a place)—  
 A poem void of prudence, sense, or grace ;  
 I spare thee now, in ancient love secure,  
 Else could I lash thee—as the Mayor lash'd Duer.  
 Yet mark me, friend—I should not hold it fair  
 To lash me back again, as Duer lash'd the Mayor  
 Off vanity—let the whole truth be told,  
 Coarse though I am, and insolent, and bold,

Though I have stifled shame, remorse, and fear,  
 And in gross puffing shine without a peer,  
 Yet my companions constantly complain  
 That my abuse is in too mild a strain !  
 They bid me write upon the "NETTLE'S" plan,  
 And ape the genius of the "Martling-man."  
 Into the fire-side privacy to steal,  
 What shame would hide, unblushingly reveal ;  
 Let no domestic ill or wo escape,  
 Nor want, nor sickness, nor distorted shape ;  
 Find in a threadbare coat a merry jest,  
 And sneer at crooked back, or gibbous breast.  
 I cannot bow me to so base a rule,  
 For I was early train'd in honour's school,  
 And though her influence has for ever fled,  
 Since virtue yielded to the want of bread,  
 Yet in my heart continue to abide  
 A school-boy conscience, and a foolish pride ;  
 Besides, for wrath my soul was never made,  
 And fawning, cringing, flattering, is my trade.  
 Such is my lot—a lot of unmixt joy,  
 Did not one thought this happiness alloy ;  
 Oft, when I Clinton hail as great and good,  
 I know not how, some saucy fears intrude,

Some doubt springs up, some sad, foreboding  
thought,  
With dreams of dire defeat and ruin fraught ;  
And but last week, a portent dread and strange  
Fill'd my too prescient heart with fear of change.  
But hark ! my master calls—I cannot stay ;  
I leave that tale unto a future day.



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NOTES

TO THE

**SECOND EPISTLE.**

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NOTES  
TO THE  
SECOND EPISTLE:

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Page 130.

*“Thou knowest how erst at Rome in Leo’s  
days,  
Fat Querno earned and wore the laureat’s  
bays.”*

——By hands pontific crown’d,  
With scarlet hats wide waving, circled round,  
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,  
Thron’d on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

POPE.

The whole history is told more at length by  
Roscoe, and is a favourite subject of merry al-  
lusion among the Italian writers of that age.

Page 131.

*“Then to my chief his praises I rehearse,  
In pompous Pell-like prose,” &c.*

I must take this opportunity to contradict an

unfounded and calumnious opinion which has been pretty generally credited: that the splendid life of Governor Clinton in Delaplaine's Repository, the rapturous Review of his *Discourse*, in the Magazines, and Longworth's Directory; and the elaborate accounts of his public services, which have appeared in newspapers, were all written by his Excellency himself. This is a mistake; they were all written by me, Pindar Puff; under his Excellency's inspection indeed, but as to the actual composition, I assure the world, on the honour of a Major, (by brevet,) that he had no further hand in it than giving me the materials, and putting in a few superlative and other laudatory epithets. At present, this part of correction of my works is wholly unnecessary; but at that time I had not learned to write quite up to my patron's taste. Indeed I was in his service several months before I found out that

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what  
came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for  
fame;

Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

P. PUFF.

## Page 131.

*“ While all the plunder that rewards my toils,  
He makes his own—for what he steals he spoils.”*

I fear that I have here fallen, from long habit, into some of my patron's tricks of plagiarism. The same thought has been before better expressed by various authors, especially by Sheridan, who talks of authors “serving thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them, to make them pass for their own.”

Having thus fairly confessed the guilt of plagiarism myself, I cannot resist the temptation of giving the world a little insight into the manner in which my great patron manages these matters. His invective against Junius, in his Address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, has been often praised by all his worshippers, myself among the number ; however, the honest truth is, half the merit of it fairly belongs to me, for I furnished the passages of Johnson, from which both thought, figure, and language, were extracted.—Behold the proof !

“Junius is an unusual phenomenon. He will

“ soon be more closely viewed, or more attentive-  
 “ ly examined ; and what folly has taken for a  
 “ comet, that from its flaming hair shook pes-  
 “ tilence and war, inquiry will find to be only  
 “ a meteor formed by the vapours,” &c.

JOHNSON.

“ Junius arose in the literary, like a comet in  
 “ the natural world, *menacing* pestilence and  
 “ war ; *and* denouncing in a style of invective  
 “ before unknown and unheard-of, the consti-  
 “ tuted authorities of Great Britain.”

CLINTON.

“ Being at liberty to indulge himself in all  
 “ the immunities of invisibility ; out of the  
 “ reach of danger, he has been bold—out of the  
 “ reach of shame, he has been confident.”

JOHNSON.

“ His importance was greatly enhanced by  
 “ the mystery which surrounded his person.”

CLINTON.

“ Junius has sometimes made his satire felt ;  
 “ but let not injudicious admiration mistake the  
 “ venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow.”

JOHNSON.

“Every juvenile writer endeavours to bend  
 “the bow of Ulysses; and in striving to make  
 “up in venom what he wants in vigour, mis-  
 “takes scurrility for satire, and ribaldry for  
 “wit.”

CLINTON.

By the way, I must absolutely beg it to be understood, of the last sentence, that I merely claim the honour of having furnished the extracts from Johnson. Mr. Clinton has all the merit of having curiously worked them up, and the working is fine; i. e. because young men make up in venom their want of vigour, they mistake scurrility for satire, &c. or more analytically—in the strife of making up their want of vigour by their added venom, they mistake, &c. &c.

Indeed, setting aside his clumsy plagiarisms, the Governor continually vexes me by the horrid mistakes he makes. He always makes terrible work with his mythology, and jumbles up the cestus of Venus, the natron of Egypt, and the shield of Minerva, without rhyme or reason. I once furnished him with a very neat and apposite simile from Tooke's Pantheon, about the Pierian Spring and Mount Parnassus; when, behold! he unmercifully crammed both moun-

tain and spring into the den of Cacus.—*Videlicet* :

“What respectable man could be expected  
 “to remove to Botany Bay? What encourage-  
 “ment would it afford to the cultivation of li-  
 “terature? The Pierian Spring, and the Par-  
 “nassian Mount, are not to be expected in  
 “the den of Cacus.”—*Clinton's In. Disc.*  
*before Lit. and Phil. Society.*

At another time I gave him the following passage from Virgil, by way of a concluding quotation to top off his Inaugural Address,

“Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,  
 Parva meta primo, mox sese attolit in auras,  
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.”

If the Governor had stood in need of a translation of the passage, he might have gone to Dryden, who has rendered the lines with his usual vigour thus :

“Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows,  
 Swift from the first, and every moment brings  
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings;  
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,  
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.”

But to my infinite mortification, upon its appearance in print, I found that his Excellency had fairly transcribed the following tremendous prose translation from the school edition of Davidson's Virgil, by way of explanation and *finale*.

“ It grew strong by exertion, and acquired  
 “ strength in its progress, small at first through  
 “ *diffidence*. It soon sprung up into the sky,  
 “ spread over the earth, and hid its towering  
 “ head in the heavens !!!”

*Clinton's Inaug. Discourse.*

But it is useless to complain—(though the world has not quite found it out)—my patron was never born to worship the Muses. Every man has his proper gift, just as every water has its peculiar fish, as Mitchill beautifully says, in that exquisite piscatory poetry, which the Governor admired so much, that he has printed it in the notes at the end of this *opus magnum*, “ the famed Discourse.”

“ Sinuessa mackerel, soles Dinarchus deals ;

“ Herculia, mullets ; and Amalphi, eels :

“ With blooming girls Parnethope is gay—

“ Who now shall bid me seek elsewhere for prey

" Gudgeons in rivers, dragonet in weeds,  
 " Squid mid the reefs : in open water feeds  
 " The lamprey. I my *Clinton's* threshold court,  
 " What happy island has so good a port !"

*P. Puff.*

Page 131.

" 'Tis labour lost—a mighty gulf doth part  
 " The man of genius from the man of art."

The writer, in this comparison, had principally in his eye the contrast between Mr. Clinton's Discourse to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, and Mr. Elliott's Address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina. If the reader is disposed to carry out the comparison a little further, and to compare the manner in which the same political duty is performed by the factitious and the real statesman, let him carefully compare the pompous, interminable, and elaborate speeches of Governor Clinton to the New-York Legislature, with the classical, practical, and statesman-like productions of Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut, on similar occasions.



## Page 132.

*“How Mitchill knows a fish from head to tail,  
“On bare inspection of a single scale.”*

*“Ex pede Herculem,”* said the ancient artist, “I can tell Hercules from his toe”—*“Ex dente animal,”* says Cuvier, “give me the bone, and I will describe the animal”—“I go further,” says the immortal Mitchill, “show me a single scale, and I will let you know the fish that owned it.”

*Professor Mitchill's Inaugural Lecture.*

## Page 133.

*“Of holy Hosack's clerical oration.”*

This learned physician, and great theatrical critic, has lately been ambitious to add the palm of pious oratory to the laurels of science with which he is already crowned. His funeral eulogies are full of unction, and we are happy to learn that they have already produced very serious impressions upon the minds of the students attending the medical school, especially those

from Kentucky and Georgia. We trust that the same university which has already rewarded Dr. Hosack's political labours with the title of L. L. D. will lose no time to express its high sense of the Doctor's theological and pastoral exertions, by conferring on him a Doctorate of Divinity. It is, however, a matter of some doubt, to which of this eloquent and pious Professor's orations the poet alludes, as he has already delivered no less than nineteen funeral eulogies on his deceased medical friends, besides four others which he has prepared in anticipation for certain gentlemen still living, and which have as yet only circulated in manuscript, among their particular acquaintance. The last and best, which he has actually delivered, was the one on the late Dr. Hugh Williamson. It was very moving. Some squeamish critics objected to the morality of certain parts of it; but the sound orthodoxy of the orator's faith made ample atonement for that trifling fault.

We are happy to inform the literary world, that a splendid and complete quarto edition of the *Eloges Funebres de Hosack*, will shortly be published by the New-York Historical Society

## Page 133.

“ *Of learn'd Societies, that nothing need,  
 “ In every walk of Science, to succeed,  
 “ Save more attention, and some more expense,  
 “ And some more learning—and a little sense.”*

More sense, we presume, in the members who are actively engaged in the business of these institutions ; for we can hardly suppose that the poet has any reference to those gentlemen who lend their names to these Societies, without troubling themselves any further with the matter.

This compliment of Mr. Puff, left-handed as it seems to be, is merely a paraphrase of a passage in Mr. Clinton's Discourse, in which he thus elegantly and perspicuously speaks of the learned Societies of New-York :

“ They are institutions,” says he, “ which  
 “ want nothing but more encouragement from  
 “ the public, and more attention from the mem-  
 “ bers, to become useful.”

In a note, Dr. Clinton informs us that the  
 “ New-York Historical Society has made a rare,  
 “ *invaluable*, and extensive collection of books,

“ pamphlets, newspapers, &c. worth at least ten  
 “ thousand dollars ! !”

Page 134.

“ *And sneer at crooked back or gibbous breast.*”

We do not know whether these particular misfortunes have afforded subject of mirth to the writers of the *Columbian*, *Nettle*, &c. ; but every one who has been in the habit of observing the course of Clintonian politics, will at once recollect numerous instances of jokes on personal deformities or misfortunes, as well as of malignant exposition of those private faults and vices of their opponents, which, however open to friendly reproof, or even to ecclesiastical admonition, are certainly sacred from every other human tribunal.

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**THE  
THIRD EPISTLE**

**OF**

**Brevet Major Pindar Puff.**

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THE  
COMPTROLLER'S VISION,  
BEING  
A THIRD EPISTLE  
TO THE  
AUTHOR OF DICK SHIFT,  
FROM  
Brevet Major Pindar Puff,  
POET LAUREAT TO THE GOVERNOR.

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WHEN last I wrote, I was about to tell  
Of what strange hap our Scottish friend befel ;  
When sudden my great master's voice I heard,  
And to another time that tale deferr'd.  
I found him puzzling o'er a page of French,  
Here drawing out, there labouring to retrench,  
Making it fit into some patch-work stuff,  
Which lay before him, interlin'd and rough ;  
Of his translation's truth he had some doubt,  
And I was call'd to weed the blunders out.  
The work it was, of that fam'd Baron Grimm,  
Where brightest reason strives with wildest whim ;

Where the strange author shows in ev'ry part,  
 The soundest head, the most degraded heart ;  
 With eloquence, wit, learning, genius, grac'd,  
 The quickest feeling, and the surest taste ;  
 Yet proud to spend that genius, taste, and wit,  
 On the poor squabbles of an opera pit ;  
 Gifted to shine a statesman or a sage,  
 Who liv'd the veriest trifler of his age,  
 Save Sophy's joke, and Vestris' dance, nought  
     priz'd,  
 And fame and virtue equally despis'd ,  
 Whilst that bold eagle mind, whose daring flight  
 Might soar undazzled to high realms of light,  
 In fashion's gilded cage, content could stay  
 And chirp the jests and scandal of the day.  
 Truce to such thoughts—the thoughts of other  
     times—  
 Which now but ill become my venal rhymes ;  
 For what have I to do with college themes,  
 And moral saws ?—unprofitable dreams.—  
 I cannot, like my master, with bold face,  
 In grave morality's dull, common-place,  
 Mourn o'er the venom of our party strife,  
 And those fell feuds which poison social life ;



And then, without one blush, employ my pen  
 To blast the fame of honourable men :  
 Or, whilst I kindle faction's hottest rage,  
 Play the religious, sermonizing sage,  
 It is not conscience checks me—but alas !  
 I lack my master's, or his H——'s brass ;  
 I cannot cant—but I can lie, and puff,  
 And flatter, till e'en HE shall cry “ enough.”

There was a great oration to be made,  
 And Clinton boldly sought the Baron's aid.  
 He found it too—but to my former tale :  
 It was a night of gloom, and rain, and hail,  
 When with my patron, round his fire were met,  
 Three Sheriffs, and four Colonels, by brevet,  
 The New-York Surrogate, and I, and Pell,  
 And other humbler men—too long to tell.  
 The chief was grave—we talk'd, I know not what—  
 About the last discover'd Indian pot ;  
 How certain Senators had chang'd their mind,  
 And how young Colonel H-ff-n had resign'd.  
 Then came a pause, when Pell began to prate  
 About the poor-laws, and affairs of state—  
 Said, that when past were danger and alarm,  
 Brevets of honour spread a moral charm ;

But if low Bucktails pluck brevets away,  
 Life's joys would wither, and its hopes decay.—  
 Whilst thus he glibly spake, among us rush'd  
 Our M'Intyre—his face was darkly flush'd—  
 Loose all his dress—his eyes did strangely stare  
 With a fix'd gaze—like quills erect, his hair.  
 Our good Comptroller his long lineage draws  
 From Scottish blood, part spilt in Stuart's cause ;  
 A seventh son of a seventh son, thence by right,  
 He claims the dreadful gift of second sight :  
 And now, he came in all its mystic power,  
 To show what clouds o'er Clinton's fortune lower.  
 He spake—we listen'd, trembling and aghast,  
 While fiercer rush'd the rain, and louder howl'd  
     the blast :

“ My Clinton, My Clinton, beware of that day\*,  
 “ When the bucktails shall meet thee in civic  
     array.

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\* See the *Lochiel's Warning* of Campbell. The measure and general flow of that poem has been imitated in the Comptroller's Vision, and frequent allusions (which it is scarcely necessary to point out) are made to particular passages, though no regular parody has been attempted.

The ides of next April now rise on my sight,  
 " And I see thee prepar'd for thy last dreadful  
     fight ;  
 " Stern Sp-nc-r in front, sly V-nn-ss in the rear,  
 " Bold denial thy helm, fell slander thy spear,  
 " A vast quarto thy shield, where in layers are  
     spread  
 " Thine own pewter and brass, with Mitchill's  
     thick lead ;  
 " Deft Miller, thy squire, attends at thy call,  
 " And Pierre bears thy standard—that cherub so  
     tall.\*  
 " Beside thee stands K-b-e, nor is G-rm-n remiss,  
 " While O-kl-y leads up his well marshall'd Swiss.  
 " Conspicuous among them, in front of the line,  
 " The Swiss of Columbia gallantly shine.

\* *That cherub so tall.* The phrase is Miltonic. It is taken from the description of Azazel, the standard bearer of Satan :

——— That proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel, as his right, *a cherub tall*,  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 The ensign————.

- “ Pell and Haines blow the trumpets, and loudly  
 proclaim  
 “ Thy beauty, thy genius, thy science, and fame ;  
 “ While puffing and swelling, see bold H-s-ck  
 come,  
 “ And thunder your praise on a huge kettle-  
 drum.  
 “ What piles of Columbians lie heap’d up around !  
 “ How with pamphlets and handbills is strew’d all  
 the ground !  
 “ No signs of alarm in thy legions appear,  
 “ “ And hang’d be the dogs, that talk of base  
 fear.’\*  
 “ The chieftain himself scoffs at danger and  
 death,  
 “ “ For none born of woman can harm great Mac-  
 beth.’  
 “ This Pierre hath oft told thee, and Miller hath  
 sworn—  
 “ Proud bird of the dunghill, thy plume shall be  
 torn ;

\* “ Hang them that talk of fear.” **MACBETH.**

“ For One comes, whom to honour the people delight,

“ And thy hopes are all fled, like the visions of night.

“ The third sun of July shall see thee retire—

“ O quench'd be its blaze, and extinguish'd its fire !

“ Hah, Clinton ! why scôff you ? why sneer at the sight ?

“ These are visions of truth, not phantoms of fright.

“ Oh Clinton, oh Clinton, beware of that day ;

“ Full soon shall be scatter'd thy martial array ;

“ And now, from their place half thy chieftains I miss,

“ And broken and thin are the ranks of thy Swiss ;

“ Sore rack'd lies V-m-ss, with conscience's pangs,

“ While over his head IMPEACHMENT dark hangs.

“ Before thy last struggle, half thy forces will fly,

“ And among the deserters—MYSELF I espy !

“ Oh false be the presage—yet why should I stay ?

“ See Gr-nger and Ross are both hasting away !

“ And O-kl-y lays plots, his new friends to be-  
tray !

“ While C-ld-n, alarm'd lest the Governor's luck  
fail,

“ Already has mounted a large, full grown buck-  
tail.

“ Hark ! hear the philosophers—loudly they swear

“ From thy laurel-crown'd head its honours to  
tear,

“ And thou, too, my David—with what a blithe  
air,

“ Great H-s-ck usurps the historical chair !

“ While magnanimous M-tch-ll claims as his own

“ To sit sov'reign lord on Philosophy's throne.

“ Yet Clinton stands proof 'gainst fear or des-  
pair,

“ For Pierre is still by him, and Miller is there.

“ But a cloud gathers round—he sweeps from my  
sight ;

“ Speed, steam-boats, your wheels, and aid his  
quick flight.—

“ And now I behold him on Newtown's far shore,

“ Where lonely he sits—my eyeballs are sore

“ With the horrible vision—I'll gaze on't no  
more.”

He paus'd ; then sunk into our frightened arms,  
While ev'ry heart beat quick with dread alarms.  
On each pale brow there sat a heavy gloom,  
And Clinton trembled at his coming doom.  
Much have I ponder'd on the prophet's tale,  
Till dismal doubts o'er all my hopes prevail :  
Yet, while my master pays, I will not yield,  
Nor flinch, whilst one Clintonian braves the field.





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NOTES

TO THE

**THIRD EPISTLE.**

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# NOTES

TO THE

## THIRD EPISTLE.

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Page 153.

*“Of his translation’s truth he had some doubt,  
And I was called to weed the blunders out.”*

His Excellency, in spite of his deep attainments in conchology, ursology, and Indian archaiology, does not possess the genius of languages. He generally makes terrible work with his French. Some time ago, (it was before he took me into his service,) he got hold of the following passage: “Il parla avec tout l’esprit d’un François, qui en a beaucoup, et la plus sublime éloquence Iroquoise.” “He talked with all the wit of a lively Frenchman, and all the sublimity of Indian eloquence.” The great man fairly quoted the passage in one of his parade orations, and thus translated it: “He spoke with all the *energetic spirit* of a Frenchman, and the most

sublime eloquence of an Iroquois !!!"—See *Clinton's Historical Discourse*.  
P. PUFF.

Page 153.

*"The work it was of that fam'd Baron Grimm."*

Not having at this moment an opportunity of recurring to the fifteen volumes of Grimm's amusing and most various miscellany, we cannot inform our readers what particular passage was laid hold of by his Excellency, and turned to his own uses. The passage was pointed out to us some time ago by a literary friend, as well as the parallel one in some one of his Excellency's *opuscula*. We trust in a future edition, to give the public fuller satisfaction on this subject; though, by the way, we marvel much at his Excellency's straying so far out "of the beaten track of regular learning," as to have intruded upon the domains of the Baron. Our philosopher generally contents himself with taking, what is in some sort, common property; the ideas and summaries contained in Reviews, Encyclopedias, &c. a fact which sufficiently accounts for the utter flatness, and common-place strain of thought and language, throughout his works. He is also, if we mistake not, much more deeply indebted, than he has thought proper to acknowledge, to the very sensible and learned work of our countryman, Dr. Miller, "The Retrospect of the eighteenth cen-

ture!" We throw out these hints for the use of those who have more reading and industry than ourselves, and are disposed to track this literary Cacus to his den—if we may be permitted a figure in the great man's own taste.

Grimm's work is well characterised in general, in the *Edinburgh Review*, as being a vast miscellany of all sorts of intelligence, containing critiques upon new publications, new operas, and new players; accounts of all meetings of the academies; and of the deaths and characters of eminent persons who died between 1770 and 1782; copies of the epigrams, and editions of the scandalous stories that occupied the idle population of Paris during the same period; interspersed with various original compositions; and brief and pithy dissertations upon general subjects. We do not, however, think that the Reviewer does full justice to Grimm's powers. On every subject of taste, on the philosophy of the imitative arts, and of poetry, as well as in his rapid and hasty glances at politics, and political economy, Grimm gives evidence of a mind in no common degree, acute, original, and profound. Nothing can be more thoroughly depraved than his religious and moral opinions, and yet so deep an insight had he into human nature, that he saw the profligate wits and the cynical philosophists about him, just as they were, and perceived, without an effort, all the selfishness of their hearts, and the shallowness of their reasoning. In short, we regard the character

of Grimm as a fine study of moral anatomy, showing, in the most striking manner, how far the highest powers of the intellect may be exerted in their fullest vigour, in the utter absence of every valuable moral quality ; and, on the other hand, how vanity, selfishness, and sensuality, can enfeeble and distort the most beautiful, powerful, and accomplished mind. But we are insensibly mixing "high matter" with the low concerns of local politics and literary impostors.

Page 154.

*" Save Sophy's joke."*

Mademoiselle Sophie Arnoux, of the opera, whose bon mots sparkle in every page of Grimm.

Page 155.

*" Or whilst I kindle faction's hottest rage,  
Play the religious, sermonizing sage."*

There are few things which can give more offence to a well regulated mind, than to see the sacred precepts of morality, and the awful truths of revelation, used for the purposes of form, parade, and deception ; treated with mouth-honour, and "lip service," by men, over whose lives and opin-

ions they are known to possess not the slightest influence. It is, indeed, a necessary condition of our frail nature, that our moral practice can never fully coincide with our speculative views of duty. Such inconsistencies are to be seen even in the best and wisest. The good man, who goes on from virtue to virtue, in a continually progressive state of melioration, must always find a grander and purer law opening upon him, beyond his power of habitual obedience. Of such contradictions and inconsistencies we do not speak ; but we fear that the peculiar vice of our own age is the fashion of playing the hypocrite, in words, before the world. Every where, in Europe, as well as in America, do we hear public men, of all professions and degrees, talking in big and swelling phrases, of that "Holy Religion" which they disbelieve in their hearts, and, perhaps, sneer at in their social hours. It is a cant professedly thrown out for the vulgar, without any design of deceiving the enlightened, and it is infinitely more dangerous, as well as far more disgusting, than the boldest objection of the sceptic, or the scoff of the hardest infidel.

We do not mean to apply these observations, in their broad sense, to Mr. Clinton, or to Mr. Clinton's imitators and admirers, but we were led into these general reflections by a remarkable example of this species of cant in Mr. Clinton's "Philosophical Discourse."

The orator complains that, what he calls "polemic controversies," have impeded the "general, extensive, and augmented popularity of intellectual illumination;" and moralizes thus:

"We have, with scarce any intermission, been  
 "distracted by party spirit, in its bitterest forms of  
 "exacerbation! Our ingenuity has been employed,  
 "not in cultivating a vernacular literature, or in in-  
 "creasing the stock of human knowledge; but in  
 "raising up and pulling down the parties which  
 "agitate the community. This violent spirit has  
 "split society asunder, has poisoned the intercourse  
 "of private life, has spread a morbid gloom over  
 "our literature, has infected the national taste, and  
 "has palsied the general prosperity. Whatever  
 "apologies may be made for these political discus-  
 "sions, by ascribing them to an honest difference  
 "in opinion, there can be none offered for the style  
 "and manner in which they are conducted. In  
 "reading the classical works of the ancients, we  
 "are astonished at the violations of decorum, which  
 "appear in their most polite and accomplished au-  
 "thors, who frequently use expressions that no  
 "modern writer dare adopt without the certainty  
 "of condemnation. But if we excel the ancients  
 "in this respect, we are far behind them in other  
 "branches of literary good morals. The style of  
 "our political writings has assumed a character of  
 "rude invective and unrestrained licentiousness,



“unparalleled in any other part of the world,” &c. Then follows the well known travestie and plagiarism of Dr. Johnson’s eloquent and powerful character of Junius.

Who would for a moment imagine (if the fact were not so notorious as to defy contradiction) that the author of these *meek moralities*, had been for years (and still continues to be) the prime patron of the most licentious and scurrilous public journals ever published in this, or any other country? Nay, more, that he has been, and still is, a constant writer for those journals? That he habitually attacks, in the most personal manner, not only his political rivals, but every man who dare to refuse submission to his sway, or raise a voice in opposition to any of his arrogant pretensions? That he has so long been hackneyed in this way, that all who are conversant with our state politics can at once detect his peculiar style, and hail the re-appearance of the author of the *Sojourner*, *Letters to a Coody*, *L. Dr. Diarhodon*, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, *Politicus Occidentalis*, &c. &c. with as much certainty as if his name were signed to the communication. In these, and similar articles, he has assailed, not only prominent politicians, but retired private citizens—literary men, voluntarily and sedulously withdrawing themselves from political strife; (Mr. Washington Irving, we believe, was one instance, and we could give others;) respectable mechanics, whose fairly earned wealth, or long

tried honesty, had given them a local influence, which they did not think fit to lend to his views—country gentlemen, who chose to exercise the right of judging for themselves, in the selection of their rulers—and *professional men*, to whom he himself was indebted for the most important services.

After the specimens which we have exhibited of Mr. Clinton's literary talents, our readers may think that these attacks, however malicious, must be very clumsy and very harmless. Not so. Meanly as we esteem him as a philosopher and a scholar, yet as a political writer (in his sense of the word *politics*, not in that of Adams or King) he is by no means contemptible; he is even formidable. It is his vocation, and his delight; "his life's employment and his leisure's charm." He is more powerful in his sarcasm than most men, because he is restrained by fewer of the ordinary sympathies of humanity. The milk of human kindness never rises to temper the unmixed gall of his invective. Besides this, he has one peculiar *talent*: Nature, who denied him taste and fancy, has yet given him the eye of a portrait painter, or rather of a caricaturist, which seizes with instinctive rapidity, upon natural defects and personal blemishes, or peculiarities; so that he can throw into his composition, with pungent effect, sneers on the leanness of one adversary, the corpulence of another, the "cream-face," the lisp, the

diminutive size, the awkward gait, or the lingering disease of others; all heightened by attic allusions to domestic misfortunes, youthful imprudences, or tory relationships.

These things are always felt—in different degrees, indeed—but always more or less. In addition to the zest which personality gives to his essays, they are not without a certain degree of literary merit. When the author does not strive to write fine, and can refrain from his Pagan idolatry of the gods of Tooke's Pantheon, he has generally the enviable and useful power of commanding the reader's attention; he brings all his knowledge, which, superficial as it is, is yet various, to bear on his subject. But above all, he has a certain heavy sprightliness, a certain drollery, which is not humour, and yet something very like it. His wit has a sort of partridge flight, always low, never light, gay, or airy, or of long continuance, yet still with a good deal of activity and whirring vigour, as long as it is on the wing.—Such are not the talents of a great statesman—but they are Mr. Clinton's—*Hæ tibi sunt Artes.*

We are well aware, that after the rough things which have been said in these pages of certain individuals, some of our readers, and those too men entitled to all respect, may think that *we* have little right to censure the licentious invective of any political writer. On this subject there seems to be

among us a strange confusion of judgment. Nothing can be clearer than that the character of every private man, and of every public man, in his private capacity, should be sacred from prying curiosity and rude invective. On the other hand, it is quite as evident, that the man who voluntarily presents himself to the public, for the purpose of indulging his own vanity, of gaining power, or of gratifying ambition, good, or ill, makes his character so far forth, the property of the public. He offers himself to their judgment, and must expect criticism as well as praise. Why then shall we be restrained by that timidity, which confounds honest satire with wanton scurrility, from employing the most efficacious means of unmasking the political quack, the literary impostor, the pretender, the hypocrite, the venal judge, the profligate legislator? No: the difference between the maligner of private character, and the honest satirist, who boldly exposes himself to the wrath of the wicked, and the malice of fools, for the sake of serving the common weal, is the same, both in motive and effect, as that between the assassin, who stabs for gain or revenge, and the humane and skilful surgeon, who firmly suppresses all softer feelings, that he may, with a dry eye, and a steady hand, perform some dreadful but salutary operation. Such were the sentiments of the sternly virtuous Boileau, of the holy Pascal, of the amiable Addison, of the pious Young, of the

gentle and evangelical Cowper. Distance of time and place has to us generalized their satire, but in their own age it was keenly felt by individuals. It is true, that their moral portraits are drawn with so much power that they have become the representatives of whole classes—this, the high prerogative of genius—but their satire was, nevertheless, originally personal. With what severity of rebuke, with what unsparing ridicule, did the pure and meek Cowper, pour forth his holy indignation, not against his own foes, but against those of his God, and his country! With what scorn too, does this Christian poet contrast the stern and plain morality of former days, with the spurious charity of our own times!

“Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time  
 Not to be passed, and she that had renounced  
 Her sex’s honour, was renounced herself,  
 By all that prized it.  
 It was a wholesome vigour in the main,  
 And taught the unblemished to preserve with care  
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all.  
 MEN too, were nice of honour in those days,  
 And judged offenders well. Then, he that sharpened,  
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtained,  
 Was marked and shunned as odious. He that sold  
 His country, or was slack when she required  
 His every nerve in action and at stretch,  
 Paid with the blood that he had basely spared,

The price of his default. But now—yes—now,  
 We are become so candid and so fair,  
 So liberal in construction, and so rich  
 In Christian charity, (good natured age,)  
 That they are safe, sinners of either sex  
 Transgress what laws they may."

TASK. BOOK III.

However far below the great names, to whose authority we have appealed, the humblest satirist may emulate their motives; let him cast away every feeling of selfishness and malignity. Let him proceed to his task, impressed with the high responsibility of acting as the minister of public justice, let him pity while he punishes, and then, the boldest invective, the wildest humour, the broadest ridicule, will become holy and consecrated weapons in his grasp.

Oh sacred armour, left for Truth's defence,  
 Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence;  
 REVERENT we touch thee——

Page 155.

*"When with my patron round his fire were met,  
 Three Sheriffs and four Colonels by brevet,  
 The New-York Surrogate, and I, and Pell."*

We cannot believe that this is a fair specimen of

the literary society, in which our great philosopher and statesman usually relaxes from his profound studies and political labours.

We need no stronger evidence of a great man's being either a parading pretender, who is conscious of his emptiness, or a heartless politician, who is ashamed of his crooked arts, than to perceive him shrinking from the society of the virtuous and intelligent, and adopting the maxim of Richard :

—"I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective boys ; none are for me  
Who look into me with considerate eyes."

Page 155.

*"About the last discovered Indian pot."*

The president of our scientific academies, is curious in Indian earthenware, and hath written many interesting memoirs on that important subject. Since he hath turned his attention unto this study, it hath risen unto the dignity of an OLOGY, or brevet rank in the staff of science, being now called Urceology, or rather (to distinguish it more clearly from Ursology, which treateth of bears) Keramology, from *κεραμος*, *vas fictile, testa*. The great keramologist and ursologist, lately presented the New-York literary and philosophical society, with "an Indian

earthen vase with two handles and a capacious mouth;" accompanied with three stone arrow heads, and a learned memoir thereon.

This ΚΕΡΑΜΟΣ (in the Mohawk tongue called Me-ke-pe-re-saw) is now in the museum of the society, and, like the celebrated Portland urn, will doubtless, hereafter bear the name of its illustrious donor, and be known by posterity, as the CLINTON VASE.

SCRIBLERUS BUSBY, L.L.D.

Societat. Tuscaroric. and Keramologic.

Vice. Pres.

Page 156.

*"But if low Bucktails pluck brevets away,  
Life's joys will wither, and its hopes decay."*

"Brevets of honour will fall in one common ruin,  
"and all the rich flowers which a moral imagination  
"enamels the chill path of public duty, will wither."

*Col. Pell's Review.*

Page 157.

*"A vast quarto thy shield, where in layers are spread,  
Thine own pewter and brass, with M-tch-s thick lead."*

The preceding verses have presented few subjects



meet for my annotation, wherefore I have, for the most part, left them to be commented on by divers very ingenious, wity, and learned writers ; but ecce ! “Me, dignus vindice nodus.” This I claim unto myself. This shield is clearly worthy of the hero who beareth it ; for it is manufactured after the true ancient Homeric method. Agamemnon’s armour, as my learned readers well know, is thus described :

Τῷ δ' ἦτοι δέκα οἶμοι ἔσαν μελανὸς κυανοιο,  
Δωδέκα δὲ χρυσοιο, καὶ εἰκοσι κασιτεροιο.

Ten rows of azure steel the work unfold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold.

But still more nearly resembleth the shield of the bulky Ajax, unto that of our own sturdy champion of literature and philosophy.

————— σάκος αἰολόν, ἐπταβόειον,  
Ταυρῶν ξατρεφῶν, ἐπὶ δ' οὐδοοῖμ, ἤλασε χαλκόν.

Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast  
Of tough bull-hides, of solid brass the last.

Thus much for the poetical propriety of the shield ; but there is, moreover, a deep, subtile, recondite, and excellent meaning, hidden under the letter of the description. For brass and pewter, as thou knowest, reader, are not simple and original, but mixed, compound, and derivative metals.—

Again; brass hath an exterior and delusive resemblance unto gold, as hath pewter unto the white metal of silver; and thereby it not unfrequently happeneth, that the aforesaid brass and pewter are for a time mistaken for gold and silver: nevertheless, upon the slightest inspection they are discovered to be base metals. Now I aver, that all these qualities so shadowed forth, are to be observed in his Excellency's composition, as set forth in large letters, (litteris majusculis, γράμμασιν πηλυκοῖς!) in the well printed quarto of the Literary and Philosophical transactions of New-York, *Edit. Van Winkle and Wiley*.

Moreover, both brass and lead have yet other typical meanings; the first referring to certain qualities of the forehead, the latter to the interior organization of the skull; these meanings are also not without obvious application. Reader, I trust that thou art grateful for all that I have here unveiled unto thee of the covert sense of our classical bard, which otherwise thou mightest have passed over in ignorance. Therefore, presume not to say of me, with the unthinking vulgar, (*profanum vulgus. Hor.* "εκατ' εκατ' εστι βιβηλσι. Plut.) That I "find in Pindar more than Pindar knew."

SCRIBLERUS BUSBY, L. L. D. &c. &c.

Page 160.

*“Hark ! hear the philosophers ! loudly they swear,  
From thy laurel-crown’d head its honours to tear.”*

His Excellency is at present President both of the Historical, and of the Literary and Philosophical Societies. We confess that we have no faith in the accomplishment of this part of the prophecy, any more than in the defection of the prophet himself; and yet this is indeed “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” These institutions have charters of incorporation, some funds, some collections and books, convenient places of meeting, and a list of members, which wants nothing but a Roman decimation to be highly respectable. Under other auspices, it is very probable that they might be usefully and honourably employed in promoting good literature and sound knowledge, and it would be far easier to repair their abuses, and to turn them to some worthy purpose, than to erect new establishments for the same end.

The members of these societies may perhaps profit by the example which the history of a sister institution affords. Mr. Clinton, in his rage for being President-general, (there seems something in the title very captivating to him,) made himself President of the New-York Academy of the Fine Arts.

During the whole term of his Presidency, the Academy was in the most ruinous and disgraceful, and, at the same time, in the most ridiculous state. Sometimes the very valuable collection of casts and pictures, made during the Presidency of the late Chancellor Livingston, were exhibited to the public; but especial care was always taken that students should make no use of them; and unlucky lads, who were caught in the act of drawing from the statues, were forthwith ignominiously turned out of doors. At other times the casts were kept carefully boxed up, while the pictures, drawings, prints, and other works of art, were left exposed to the most shameful thefts and mutilations.

The President, however, took care to display himself, in one of his school-boy harangues, before the Academy, professedly on the interesting subject of the importance of the fine arts, and the eulogy of the late R. R. Livingston, a scholar, and a man of genius, in whose praise he might have expended all the powers of his eloquence. His oration, however, was chiefly about Protagoras, and his lucky accident in painting the foam of a dog, and Corregio's "I too am a painter," and Zeuxis, and Apelles, and Phideas, and Pericles, and the New City Hall; together with something concerning the shield of Achilles, and the garden of Alcinous, not forgetting Jupiter, Juno, Midas, Atlas, the Muses, the Graces, Hercules, Theseus, Minos, Romulus, Ceres, Apollo, Mercury, Zephyr, Castor, and Pollux. We are not

jesting—these are the chief subjects and ornaments of his Discourse. The whole Discourse is much in the taste of the following sample: “His (Chancellor Livingston’s) conversation was unpremeditated; “it abounded with brilliant wit, with apposite illustrations, and with various and extended knowledge, always as gentle as ‘zephyrs blowing below the violet,’ and always exhibiting the overflowings of a great mind. His great qualities were attended with a due sense of his own imperfections and of his limited powers. He did not see in himself the tortoise of the Indian, or the atlas of the heathen mythology, sustaining the universe. He was not one of those factitious characters which rise up and disappear like mountains of sand, which the wind raises in the desert, nor did he pretend to possess a mind illuminating all the departments of knowledge, like that great elementary substance which communicates the principles of vitality to all nature,” &c. *Jam satis.*

At length Mr. Clinton was persuaded to resign this honour---we do not know how it happened, perhaps he was shamed out of it. The academy then placed at its head an artist of acknowledged ability, and wide-spread reputation, (Colonel Trumbull.) From that time it began to fulfil the objects of its institution, not very splendidly indeed, but still it went on regularly and usefully. Annual ex-

hibitions have been held, in which the valuable pictures of old masters, or great foreign artists, in the possession of our wealthier citizens, have been brought forward to gratify the curiosity, and assist in forming the taste of the public. At the same time our own painters have had an opportunity of making themselves known, and they have been improved in their art by the competition which has naturally been excited. Arrangements for the purposes of instruction have also been made, and the academy has been regularly open to students.

All this has been done, in spite of many squabbles among the artists, and great indifference in the public at large, simply by getting rid, in some degree, of pretenders, and placing the institution under the superintendence of professional talent and reputation.

Whether the example will be followed, remains to be seen.

# THE CLINTONIANS.

## A NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE.



IN hopes by their talking to shake off their gloom,  
A caucus they held in the Surrogate's room ;  
They meet in the day, as they cannot at night,  
\*Since the obstinate council denies them a light ;  
And all of them came but his worship the Mayor,  
Who, from pride, or from policy, seldom is there ;  
Tho' some have their fears, could he get a new call,  
He would soon lose his pride at the opposite hall :

*Sing down, down, the office lay down.*

Who first, when assembled, the meeting address'd ?  
Were it not for my rhyming, you never had guess'd ;

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\* The Surrogate, it is said, lately applied to the Common Council for permission to burn a light in his office, at the City-Hall, beyond the usual hours ; but this permission the Council (doubtless from *bucktail* motives) refused to grant.

'Twas the smirking, and smooth, and brevet-loving Pell,  
And he talk'd, as some said, most surprisingly well;  
For he mix'd in his speech, with much taste and discerning,

\* His "jewels," his "slush-tubs," his "charms," and  
his "vermin,"

And a natural horror his motions discover,  
When he said, that "corruption was crawling him  
over"—

*Sing down, down, brevets they are down !*

But Miller stepp'd forward, and shov'd him aside,  
And "cease your palaver and prating," he said :

\* Col. Pell, in his Review, says "that Benevolence is the brightest and holiest jewel in the Coronet of the Almighty"—declares that Brevets "spread a moral charm that enamels," &c. talks of the "slush-tub of detraction"—complains of being pestered by "vermin," and admits that he had been much annoyed by the presence of "puny corruption crawling over him"—he also makes frequent use of the delicate term "besmeared"—descants with much force on the mischiefs of "Banks," and, in his official letter to the Governor, published in the Appendix, on receiving the important appointment of Military Secretary, very properly recommends a repeal of the "Poor Laws."



"Of your "banks," and your "poor laws," your "ver-  
min," and stuff,

"The world and your party, have sure had enough ;

"For now it has happen'd, as always I fear'd,

"'Tis your friends, not your foes, that your pen has  
besmear'd,

"And the hisses and sneers of a just ridicule,

"We must *all* of us bear, for the sins of *one* fool."

*Sing down, down, the book it is down.*

Thus roar'd out Sylvanus, and more would have  
said,

But just at that moment, the chief turned his head,

And fixing on Miller his wrath-kindled eye,

All saw he was troubled, though some knew not  
why—

But Miller he felt—and his countenance fell,

That his chief he had lash'd, o'er the back of poor  
Pell,

For he knew—and no wonder, was nearly un-  
mann'd,

That Pell only wrote what the "Magnus" had  
plann'd.

*Sing down, down, the Magnus is down.*

Now their doubts, and their fears, and their wrangling  
debate,

As we care not about them, why should I relate?

And the tumult, and noise, and confusion that reign'd,  
While they bluster'd, or argu'd, or swore, or complain'd ;

When the schemes that or Pell, or Bogardus propose,

Drake, Ferris, and Wyman, are sure to oppose,

And when Miller suggested a plot to deceive,

Pell swore he might lie, but that none would believe !

*Sing down, down, the lie is put down.*

Yet one, mid the uproar, was silent and grave,

Well knowing that nothing the party could save ;

All their plans he despis'd, but he thought of himself,

And of all he had lost for the sake of the pelf ;

Yet a comfort he had, for he knew it was clear,

He should hold on his office *almost* for a year ;

And would make in that year, should he hold on alive,

More than e'er, in old Dutchess, he had made in five !

*Sing down, down, the Swiss too are down.*

## DIALOGUE.



The Hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society is adorned with a number of busts and portraits. Sometime ago the Bust of Dr. Franklin, which has been lately put up, was heard thus to address one of the Vice Presidents :

BUST.

Here is good company—Rousseau,  
Great Newton, Buffon, Sully, Daguesseau—  
The choicest spirits of the mighty dead—  
But who is that above our Newton's head ?

VICE PRESIDENT.

'Tis Dr. Clinton, our state's chief reliance,  
A paragon of learning, wit, and science,  
Skill'd in all arts, the Crichton of our day——

## BUST.

Quick, take me down, for here I cannot stay—  
Clinton so grand ! Newton so small below !  
These portraits, by their contrast, strongly show  
How little place true Science here obtains,  
And how triumphantly imposture reigns.

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## POSTLEGOMENA.

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# POSTLEGOMENA,

BY SCRIBLERUS BUSBY, L. L. D.

*Societat. Piff. Paff. Puff. Clint. Soc. Honor. A. B. C*  
*D. E. F. G. H. I., &c. &c. &c.*

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ONCE again, oh gentle, and (if thou hast read the whole of the preceding volume) most polite and patient reader, do I salute thee.

At the moment when I had completed my last editorial duty, and the final sheet of Pindar Puff had passed from under my correction, while the poetical offspring of the two Bucktail Bards panted with eagerness, “supera ut con-  
“vexa revisant,” “demanding life, impatient  
“for the skies,” the *Denarii Tabellarius*, or penny post, brought unto me my despatches from Europe, as Dr. Mitchill (ὁ Θαυμαστος) termeth his foreign correspondence.

And, lo! upon the perusal thereof, much did I marvel at the rapidity wherewith the fame of Pindar Puff had travelled, and as it were posted,

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over all Europe, so that, in many places, it already rivalleth the glory of Dr. Clinton and Dick Shift. True it is, that, in Germany, Pindar Puff is as yet eclipsed and overshadowed by his illustrious compeers. For, save sundry very brief, though highly complimentary notices of him, I find no criticism upon any of his works, in the literary journals of Hamburg, of Altona, of Heidelberg, or of Leipsic. But the Queedleburg Review containeth a masterly critique on his Epistles, wherein the critic (who is no other than the immortal Fichte, the favourite disciple of the still more immortal Kant) calleth Major Puff, “*Der Aleszermalmende Puff*,” “the all-“to-nothing-at-all-crushing Puff”—an epithet marvellously significant of the vigour of his genius.

But picture unto thyself, benevolent reader, the joy which filled my heart, when, on opening a large and weighty parcel, I found therein a letter, bearing the signature of my long valued correspondent, the celeberrimus Professor Vandenheuvel, high learned Doctor of Philosophy, Ryder\* of the gold Lion, and Lecturer on Ne-

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\* Mistake not, reader—the Professor doth not ride upon a gold lion, but is a Ryder, or *chevalier* of that order.



derlandsche Letter-Kunste in the University of Groningen. First of all, Dr. Vanderheuvel communicateth unto me three diplomas, one for the “celeberrimus Hosack,” one for the “omni laude cumulatus Clinton,” and the last for “the doctissimus Scriblerus,” associating us unto the “*Genootschap der Visch met Schellen te Shevelling*,” or *Societas Conchologica Schecellingensis*. He moreover transmitteth unto me Professor Van Bommel’s edition of *Dick Shift* and *Pindar Puff*, printed at the University press (*Lugduni Batavorum cum notis variorum*) in quarto.

*Absit invidia verbo*—I speak without vanity—Professor Van Bommel’s edition, though more magnificent, is far inferior in real value to that of Scriblerus Busby. He (Professor Van Bommel) hath not had the advantage of the *curæ posteriores*, or posterior revisal of the original authors, whereby these delectable works are tripled in bulk, and quadrupled in merit. But he maketh some apology, (it behooveth me to confess,) by subjoining two translations, the one in classical Leyden Latin, the other in still more classical Dutch, together with sundry commendatory poems of his own manufacture, in both languages. Nothing but the obstinacy of my

publisher hindereth me from enriching this present edition with all of these “poemata,” which occupy, in the original, only one hundred and nineteen quarto pages. Let it, however, suffice to say that the first beginneth in this wise :

DICK SHIFTE, Aonii pectinis arbiter  
 Qui princeps, Tamanum sollicitas ebur  
*Spenceri* que minas, et celeres potens  
 Lapsus sistere *Vanesi*\*.

Still more ardently doth Professor Van Bommel eulogize Pindar Puff, whom he thus addresseth in his vernacular tongue :

Hoc sal men, Pindar Poff! dyn Pofferie beloonen?  
 Wat kransken, wat laurler sal dyn hooft bekroonen?

Which most sweetly flowing lines may be thus almost literally rendered :

O how shall men, Pindar Puff, thy puffing reward?  
 What garland, what laurel, shall crown this great bard?

I have, moreover, received an epistle from

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\* *Serpentis lapsus.*———VIRGIL.

my pupil, Mr. Washington Irving, now abiding in the city of London, whereby he communicateth much pleasing literary intelligence, and also presenteth me, as a mark of affection unto his ancient pedagogue, a copy of the new Oxford edition of “*Apicius de opsoniis et condimentis veterum*” on the soups and sauces of the ancients.\* Mr. Irving is “*Juvenis accerimi in-*

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\* This work of Apicius was originally a full and complete course of Roman Gastronomy, treating of all the science of the table, like unto the English work of the learned Madam Glass, and the more profound and philosophical treatise of the Parisian Bouvilliers (2 volumes, royal 8vo. Paris, 1814); but by the gradual corruption, arising from ignorant transcribers, the text of Apicius has become vitiated by the introduction of opium, assafetida, and so many other villanous ingredients, that it hath become a disputed point among the learned whether it may not have been a collection of Recipes of the Roman apothecaries, rather than a cookery book. The text hath been gradually cleared up by Madame Dacier, Dr. Lester, the illustrissimus Berchtold, and is now finally established by the joint labours of the Fellows of Magdalen and Brazen-Nose Colleges. Their edition is enriched by a parallel between the Roman and French cookery, by the ex-archchancellor Cambaceres, with notes by the late lord chief justice Ellenborough, also with a *Dissertation* on the three rotations to be performed in the culinary preparation of the *Anus Valisineria* or canvass-

genii at paucarum literarum ;” he hath good parts, but he readeth not in folios, nor is he skilled in flies, or fleas, or shells, or bats, or bugs ; and albeit, that the damsels of every degree, and oft times men, (yea, grave and learned men,) do read, and as it were, devour his books ; and sometimes laugh, and sometimes weep, in such perusal, (whereat I marvel much,) yet, as a learned critic hath right well observed, “ There is nothing in the Sketch Book, or any “ other of Mr. Irving’s writings, which can re- “ commend them to the naturalist, the chemist, “ the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, “ the conchologist, the entymologist, or the nu- “ mismatologist ; or which can in the slightest “ degree illustrate the sciences of mathematics, “ mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, hydrau- “ lics, acoustics, dietetics, or obstetrics.”\*

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back duck, by Carolus Rex, F. L. P. S. N. Y. So that this volume doth, as it were, hold the quintessence of all the culinary lore in the civilized world.

\* This opinion concerning the substantial merit of the popular writings of Mr. Irving, is maintained by sundry philosophers of New-York, and it is believed by the great chief of the philosophers himself ; it hath also been adopted by divers *Juvenes bene vestiti valde eruditi*,

Notwithstanding ; I much esteem this youth, for that he beareth unto me a grateful heart. In his letter he congratulateth me on the great reputation which my nephew Puff hath acquired in England, and sendeth me a full quire of extracts from the works of various popular authors, touching these writings of Puff and the "Dick Shift." I shall insert but two thereof, in these *Postlegomena*, intending to throw the rest (if I should be thereunto inclined) into an appendix, or *Προσθηκη*, as Plato termeth it.

And first Mr. Coleridge, in the third volume of his *Biographia Literaria*, just published, thus speaketh :

"During the last week I have become acquainted with the works of two American poets, the unknown authors of the "Dick Shift," and the "Epistles of Pindar Puff;" and self-dom, if ever, has the emergence of original

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or literary Dandies. With respect unto the style of Mr. Irving, that is now given up as utterly vicious, since the publication of a pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on the 'Wife' of W. Irving, Esq." the anonymous author whereof sheweth himself to be a Quintilian in critica sagacity, and a Sallust in pithy brevity.

“poetic genius above the literary horizon been  
 “more, and more brightly announced.

“The poetical verisimilitude on which the  
 “interest of these poems essentially depends, is  
 “reducible to one fundamental proposition,  
 “**THAT THERE DO AND HAVE EXIST-**  
 “**ED CERTAIN THINGS AT ALBANY.**  
 “Now this, on the one hand, originates not in  
 “the direct and palpable evidence of sensation  
 “or consciousness, and yet, on the other, it re-  
 “mains proof against all attempts to remove it  
 “by arguments or authority; on the one hand  
 “lays claim to indubitable certainty as a posi-  
 “tion, irresistible and irrefragable, and yet,  
 “on the other, (inasmuch as it refers to some-  
 “thing essentially different from **WHAT OUGHT**  
 “**TO BE,**) leaves it inconceivable how **IT COULD**  
 “**BE :** in other words, how that which, *ex hy-*  
 “*pothesi*, is, and must continue to be, extrinsic  
 “and alien to the essence of all free govern-  
 “ment, should yet become a modification of a  
 “certain free government. I trust to render  
 “this perfectly clear to those of my readers  
 “who are willing to accompany me through the  
 “three following volumes.

“**THESIS I.** If we affirm of a boar that he  
 “is blue, the predicate, blue, is accidental, and

“not included in the subject boar.” From this time Mr. Coleridge taketh leave of Dick Shift and Pindar Puff, and treateth, in the rest of the volume, of the “*Principium commune essendi*, as subsisting in a primary act of self-duplication;” also of the ballads of Betty Foy and Harry Gill, the Peninsular War, Klopstock, the Art of Memory, the Edinburgh Review, the Pope and Dr. Gall.

The other extract, which appeareth most specially worthy of being embodied in these Post-legomina, is from a poem, entitled “THE CITY,” by G. Crabbe, L.L.D., a writer who, having already described the Village, and the Borough, now closeth his career by painting the lanes, streets, hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, theatres, madhouses, politicians, poets, pick-pockets, puffers, and kept mistresses, of the modern Babylon.

In his chapter or book, entitled “*Politicians*,” he sheweth how men sometimes rise to power by art without science; and then, to prove that this taketh place elsewhere, as well as in England, he relateth a little tale, shewing how Major Puff made his fortune in that great city “beyond the western wave,” which vaunteth

“Her broad quays, crowded with commercial fleets,  
“While fattest pigs run grunting through the streets.”

In the course of this narrative, Mr. Crabbe hath, with his accustomed particularity, introduced certain interesting matters of fact, which are all perfectly correct, and, if need were, might be authenticated by affidavits, most of which the poet hath passed over (*sub silentio*) *in silence*, in his own poems. Thus singeth he:—

- “ Young *Pindar Puff* had learn’d the poet’s  
trade  
“ From *Richard Shift*, who merry verses made ;  
“ Now *Pindar*, was a playful, saucy boy,  
“ He hated reason, but he rhymed with joy.  
“ In vain his uncle (for his dad was dead)  
“ Cried, ‘ *Pindar, Pindar*, you’ll ne’er earn your  
bread ;  
“ Behind my counter come, I’ll be your friend ;  
“ Keep my accounts, and let these follies end.’  
“ ‘ Counter,’ said *Pindar*, ‘ at a counter—me,  
“ No, uncle Isaac, that you’ll never see.’  
“ Now *Pindar*’s plans were in a diff’rent line,  
“ And by the puffer’s art he hoped to shine ;  
“ He ne’er with rhymes foul’d paper for the fair,  
“ But wrote to please the Governor and Mayor :



“ Full soon he worm’d his way to both their hearts ;

“ How could they help being partial to such parts ?

“ For parts had *Pindar*—adulation bland

“ Meet for each taste, was always at command ;

“ For each taste meet, and meat that never cloy

“ On the tired taste, like other worldly joys.

“ ‘ This youth, great sir, is for your uses fit ;

“ A youth of genius, industry, and wit ;

“ And, sir, in that fine book of Delaplaine’s,

“ He wrote your life—at least as well as Haines.’

“ The Governor gave orders—‘ Miller, see

“ The boy brevetted—bring him then to me.’

“ A *Major* now, still *minus* was his purse,

“ His means were small, his expectations worse ;

“ Yet still he prais’d his chief with all his power,

“ And still that praise his chieftain would devour ;

“ At last an office gave, which brought *Puff*  
clear,

“ Expenses paid, four hundred pounds a year.”

Once more, gentle reader, adieu ! nor think lightly of these my labours. Many an error

have I rooted out from these pages ; many a clumsy or unseemly phrase have I expurgated and ejected ; many an *erratum* have I eschewed. By such deeds as these is it, that, in the great republic of letters, Drakenborch doth more than divide the glory of Livy ; while Malone eclipseth and overshadoweth Shakspeare.

Verily, half of the merit of the author dependeth upon his editor. This know I, from mine own sad experience. But last month, did I transmit unto a certain literary journal in Philadelphia, an elaborate and not ineloquent eulogy upon the great and mighty men of New-York ; but such was the ignorance (or, it may be, the base envy) of the Philadelphia editor, that my communication was suffered to appear horrid with errata, and those too the most hideous, absurd, and abominable.

“ Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,—cui lumen ademtum.”

I had therein extolled the learned labours of a certain F. L. P. S. N. Y. whom I did not think proper to name. (Reader, it was myself, and these letters are no other than the customary abbreviation for *Fellow of the Literary and*

*Philosophical Society of New-York.*) Imagine my mortification, yea, my indignation, when I found all mine erudite panegyric transferred by the barbarous printer to a certain Mr. F. L. P. Sny, a person with whom I am altogether unacquainted; if so be, indeed, that such a person existeth. Moreover, I spake much of the greatness of Governor Clinton's "internal policy"—but, lo! I was exhibited as extolling his "infernal policy!!" Worst of all, when, in lauding a celebrated professor's funeral eulogy on a great man, wherein he much commendeth his hero for having stolen certain letters, I termed it "an immortal oration," behold, I was made to call it "an immoral oration!!!"

Such gross mistakes, errors, *maculæ*, or *σπίλοι*, I trust to have herein sedulously eschewed. Wherefore now say I with Horace,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
Quod non imber edax, &c.

Behold old Scriblerus, as proud as a Turk,  
For completed is now his magnificent work—  
A work that for ages and ages will last,  
Defying old Time, and the rain, and the blast.

His fame will not die, but continue to grow,  
 As long as artillerymen march in a row,  
 Or the Tammanies walk in a long Indian file,  
 Parading about for many a mile,  
 On the fourth of July, to hear an oration  
 In praise of themselves, for the good of the  
       nation.

His fame will extend from long Lake Champlain,  
 To the deepest recesses of dingy Sloat-Lane ;  
 Old Busby'll be read on the banks of the Wall-  
       kill,  
 And where roars the Mohawk, and where falls  
       the Fallkill.

Valete ac plaudite.

## APPENDIX.



EXTRACT FROM THE FOURTH CANTO OF DON JUAN.

### I.

I WANT another hero—I'm overdo's'd  
With warriors, critics, emperors, and sages—  
I hate reviewers, all—(our country's boast,)  
And think not one of them is worth his wages.  
Where shall I seek? I can't among our host  
Of raving writers, choose when Sirius rages—  
No, not on this side of the sea—I'll take my brother,  
The noble Puff—he lives upon the other.

### II.

I hate the world—the world, and all that's in it;  
The boasted beauties of this globe divine!  
I cannot love! not even for a minute—  
Then say no more. Behold, I here entwine

A wreath for him who never wish'd to sin it,  
 With pretty Donnas ; but he sought to shine  
 A star of Clinton—that immortal ruler—  
 He's their next Governor, I'll bet a cooler.

## III.

In learning, Puff, (I think so,) is no smatt'rer,  
 Some Hebrew has, much Greek, some Dutch, more  
 Latin\*,  
 To which I add, he is a famous flatt'rer,  
 And much excels, in slipping praises, pat in.  
 This Clinton loves—he hateth a spare spatt'rer,  
*Large* is the word with him, yet smooth as satin,  
 And Puff *does* plaster, without care or rule—  
 In this, you'll say, he shows himself, no fool.

## IV.

When Clinton governs, Puff, with ready zeal,  
 Calls him the Atlas that the state sustains,

\* Lord Byron (to whom this poem is generally ascribed) seemeth to confound the witty Puff with the learned Busby. Puff hath some Latin, but neither Dutch, nor Hebrew.

A second Burleigh for the public weal ;  
 And then he lugs in Spencer, Pell, and Haines ;  
 When Clinton writes—why Puff must earn his meal,  
 (In those free states men live not, without pains,)  
 So forth he fares to borrow, beg, or plunder,  
 And brings a load, a horse would stagger under.

## V.

There is a drink, the Yankees call it switchill,  
 A drink diviner than the antique nectar ;  
 This Puff adores, and puffing Dr. Mitchill,  
 Drinks largely of it, bragging like a Hector  
 That it gives wisdom, and can banish each ill  
 That life molests—of cheats a great *detector*—  
 Would I had drunk it, I had stuck to Harold,  
 And ne'er of wife, or child, (a booby,) carol'd.

## VI.

I had not then complain'd of hope delay'd,  
 Nor sung the tortures of a bursting heart—  
 But stop—where was I?—Puff ador'd a maid  
 That Clinton lik'd not—therefore they must part !

Much did he love—yet was he half afraid  
 Of that stern eye—but still the fatal dart\*  
 Stuck in his liver—then he swore to try a  
 Jaunt matrimonial with fair Buck-thalia.

## VII.

Marriage ! I hate it as I do salt-petre !  
 O Puff, why didst thou ever venture  
 In that dread state ? The other way is sweeter :  
 A wife ! to punish thee, the Devil sent her.  
 A mistress, as I said before, is neater ;  
 For, if it's done---she'll never yield th' indenture.  
 Not she, i' faith—she'll call thee dear, and honey,  
 Then break your heart, nay, throw away your money.

## VIII.

Puff fear'd it not : he lov'd, and therefore married :  
 Now this extremely vex'd his former patron !  
 He fairly curs'd him ! wish'd him horn'd and harried !  
 Adding hard names, as Cacus, Egypt's natron :

\* Hæret lateri letalis arundo. VIRGIL.

Tumet jecur. HOR.



Puff' cared not—very high his head he carried,  
 Calling his wife Lucretia, Portia, Matron.  
 This Portia\* cut her thigh, some say her arm,  
 Which op'rated on her husband like a charm.

## IX.

I stood by Conrad's†; and a fume nidorous  
 Forth issu'd from the hall of Tamm'ny fam'd;  
 My ears distinguish'd eloquence sonorous;  
 I ask'd the cause—Puff feeds—his soul untam'd

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\* I have strong proof of my constancy,  
 Given myself a voluntary wound  
 Here in my thigh.

SHAKSPEARE—JULIUS CÆSAR.

† I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs, &c.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Conrad, the Aldus, the Ebzevir, the Didot, of Mr. Clinton and his authors. His printing office, which posterity will visit, as travellers now do to that of the first printers at Nuremberg and Haerlaem, is opposite the north side of Tammany-Hall.

Delights in feasting, wassail, wine, and chorus,  
While lights resplendent thro' the windows flam'd.  
Songs too were sung, some good, and some prosaic,  
All different, like fine pictures in Mosaic.

## EXTRACT

FROM THE REVIEW OF THE LAST EDITION OF

**BEN JOHNSON,**

IN THE

**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

.....

“ Hail, hail, hail !

“ Thou honest Bucktail.

“ The tail of the Buck

“ Is a sign of good luck.

“ Then hail, hail, hail !

“ To the merry Bucktail.”

BEN JOHNSON.

“ This seems to be part of a hunting song. The Bucktail poets, who are now so popular, probably derive that name from their love of hunting.”

EDITOR.

The Bucktail has of late years, become in America, an emblem of the most rancorous, atrocious, malignant, and bloody-minded Jacobinism. Our poet, who had all the feeling of an ancient Englishman,

loved his king and his country too much to speak with any respect of the Bucktail as a symbol of America, whether new or old. Indeed, as there were no republican politics at all in America in his day, he could not well have alluded to them. Yet such is the low state of learning in the American universities, and in particular of chronology and prosody, that we dare say, that if by any chance the nefarious, profligate, and unpatriotic author of the "Lay of the Scotch Fiddle," and "The United States and England," should turn commentator, he might attempt to press the loyal Ben Johnson into the service of his imbecile, feeble, ambitious, and dangerous republic, as he has already done with regard to Walter Scott.

There are certain poets of New-York, called Bucktail Bards, who have already attained a high reputation among the infidel and jacobin literati of the continent, and the Levellers, Papists, Calvinists, Socinians, Republicans, Burdettites, and Luddites, of our own prosperous and united empire. We have looked into these poems; we do not hesitate to say, that in spite of the high praises of infidel poets, Methodist divines, Republican orators, Puritan Magazines, Sunday Newspapers, and northern critics, their literary merit, (which we do not wholly deny,) has been overrated; but every loyal reader must be filled with unconquerable disgust at the deep tone of unblushing

atheism, which pervades them ; and still more at the rancorous spirit of frantic jacobinism which so blinds these authors to the true interests of their own country, as to excite them to aim their rancorous shafts at these enlightened, virtuous, and, we doubt not, religious men, who have laboured, with some small success, to assimilate the paper constitutions of certain of those states to our own most happy and blessed government, by insensibly suppressing the blind will of the rabble, enlightning the cold decisions of reason, by the application of personal interest, and substituting in place of the pagan virtues of republicanism, the moral and benign influence of liberality on the one side, and gratitude on the other. But we must not tire the patience of our readers with any farther digression on the trifling concerns of the most idle, thoughtless, dissolute, and turbulent of all nations. To return to our divine dramatic poet, and his blundering commentator, &c.

THE END.

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